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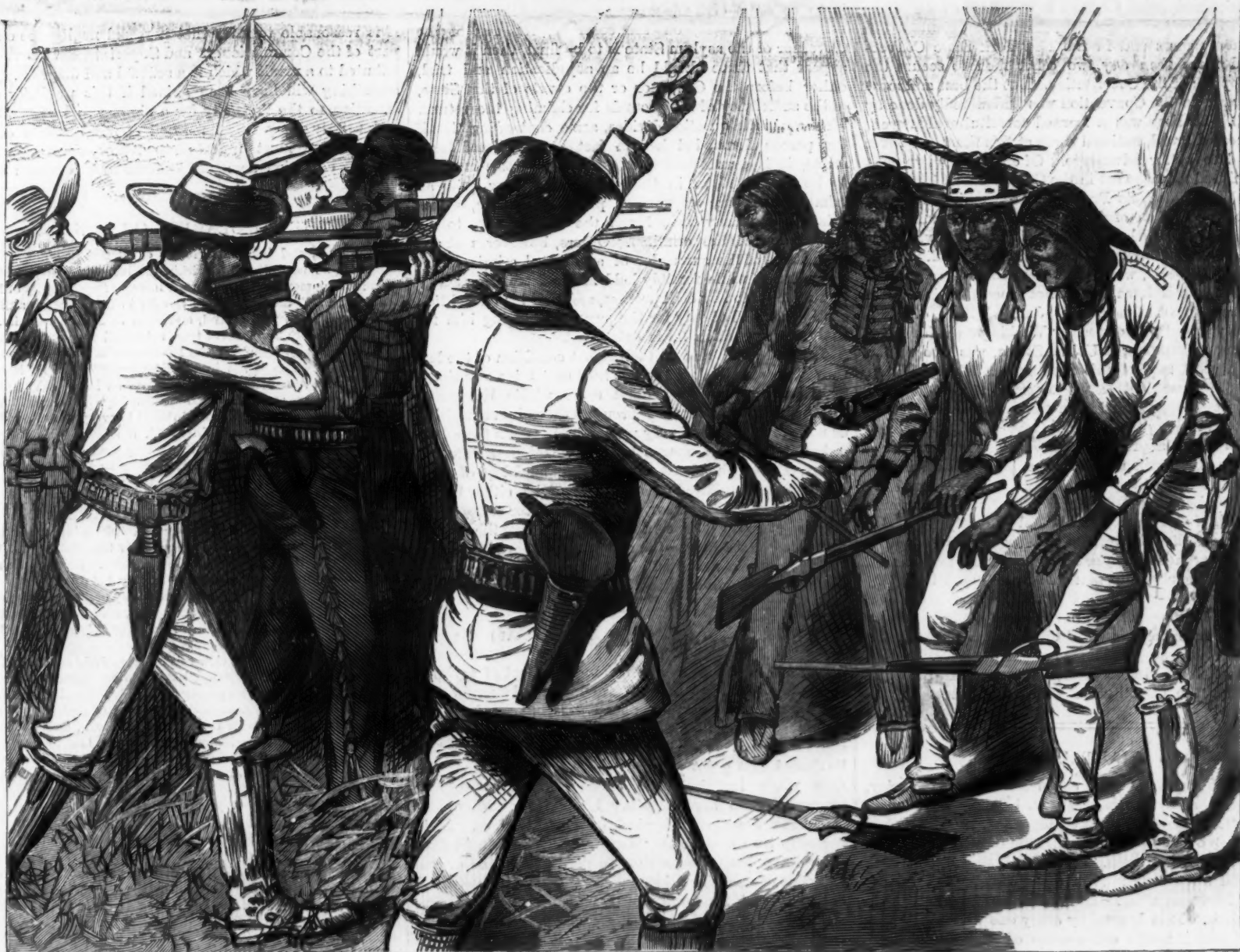
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. UTE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE. 2. CHIEF COLOROW. 3. UTE BRAVE AND SQUAWS.

THE UTE SCARE IN COLORADO.—COMMANDING THE UTES AT COLOROW'S CAMP TO THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS.  
FROM PHOTOS. BY KIRKLAND, OF CHEYENNE, AND SKETCHES BY G. BENSON.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

### THE CENTENNIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE September celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the date of the completion of the work of framing our National Constitution is already awakening a profound interest. It is anticipated that a celebration of such momentous significance will be attended by all the members of the Executive and Judicial Departments, and by the most eminent members of the Legislative Department of the National Government. These highest officials of the nation, as well as all American citizens, will honor themselves by doing honor to so grand an historic event. It is not a rhetorical extravagance, but the sober verdict of history, that the Convention that assembled at Philadelphia to form a Federal Constitution was the wisest body of men that has ever met for a like purpose in any part of the world. The Constitution of the United States, under which we have been growing great for a hundred years, is, with all its defects, as nearly perfect a framework of Government as the wisdom of man has yet devised. Its chief purpose was to form "a more perfect Union"; it affirmed its own sovereignty or supremacy by expressly declaring that this organic law should be the *supreme* law of the land; and the only serious trouble that has ever arisen under this Constitution has come through a foolish denial of that distinctly proclaimed supremacy. And as all questions of disputed authority or sovereignty are in express terms referred to the Supreme Court of the United States for final adjudication, the judicial, not military, officers of the National Government will be required to settle differences between States and the Republic hereafter.

It is pertinent to inquire what distinguished framers of the Constitution are deserving of the highest honor for their work in that connection. George Ticknor Curtis, a high authority, calls Alexander Hamilton "the Father of the Constitution." James Madison has oftener had conferred upon him that great honor. The facts of history are these: Hamilton, as early as 1780, from a camp called Liberty Pole, wrote a letter to James Duane, in which are embodied the main or fundamental principles of the Constitution as it exists to-day. It is also true that Hamilton did more than any other public man to set the machinery in motion in New York, at the Annapolis Convention and elsewhere, to bring about the assembling of the Philadelphia Convention. He also, through the *Federalist* papers and in the New York State Convention, did more than any two other men to secure the final adoption of the Constitution. But the best and most active work in the Convention was undoubtedly done by Madison. Madison was a learned constitutional lawyer; he advocated broad, national views at this time, and never appeared to better advantage. Of course, the two most distinguished men who sat in the Convention of 1787 were George Washington, its President, and Benjamin Franklin, who was spoken of for that office. The weight of Washington's counsels in the right direction was most felt outside the formal sessions of this truly deliberative body; but Franklin, while great as a moralist, as a philosopher and as a diplomatist, did not especially distinguish himself as a constitution-maker. James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, who was appointed by Washington a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was one of the unknown great men of this Convention. Judge Wilson seemed to foresee the troubles to come through the centrifugal forces operating in the self-aggrandizing States, and favored making the National Government so specifically and broadly supreme, that neither a Hartford nor a Charleston Convention could ever have denied its supremacy. Important services were also rendered by John Rutledge and Oliver Ellsworth, who afterwards became Chief-Justices; by Edmund Randolph, Charles Pinckney, Nathaniel Gorham, Roger Sherman, and a score of other men, who need no other claim to immortal honor than membership in this extraordinary body. It would seem to be one of the pleasing duties connected with one of the grandest of our national anniversaries to inculcate a reverence for that "supreme law of the land" to which we owe so great a part of our prosperity, and to do all that in us lies to render universal that profound respect for the Constitution which the wisest already entertain.

### CHAUTAUQUA.

"GREAT economic and social forces," says Morley, quoted by Professor Richard T. Ely, in an article on "Social Aspects of Chautauqua," "flow with a tidal sweep over communities that are only half conscious of what is befalling them." Never was this more true of any social force than it is of that known as the "Chautauqua Movement." It is hardly necessary to explain what this is. It is known by every one who takes pains to learn that it marks out courses of reading which are pursued under direction; that it affords an opportunity for its students, in the Summer, to come in contact with the most distinguished instructors and lecturers of the age, and it affords facilities for physical, mental and

artistic culture which leads up to the College of Liberal Arts, which, besides the correspondence courses, gives six weeks' personal instruction under the most famous professors.

But it is not the character of the work at Chautauqua, which is improving every year, that is most astonishing, but its proportions. The graduating class, this year, which has completed a four years' course of prescribed reading, numbers five thousand students, while the number of those who have begun study this year and will be graduated in 1890 is more than twenty-five thousand! Nor does its influence stop with the training of those who pursue its prescribed course. Everywhere in the land Chautauqua gatherings are held, and so numerous has their membership become, that it is estimated that this year more than one per cent. of the population will attend these circles.

The influence of such an agency as this cannot be measured. It reaches all classes and conditions of men and women, opens to them new worlds of thought and culture, and must, in the end, raise the average of intelligence in this country more than any other single agency, the Christian Church and the public school alone excepted. Six hundred thousand men and women in this country engaged in the study of literature, science and art, under wise direction, will do more to inspire a thirst for knowledge than all the universities and colleges in the land.

### INTERSTATE EXTRADITION.

THE Interstate Extradition Convention, at the rooms of the Bar Association in New York city, was called upon to deal with some very knotty questions. So far as it aimed to insure unity in the criminal statutes of the various States, so that what shall be crime of an extraditable grade in one State shall be in all, its aim was one which Congress cannot enact, since Congress cannot control the discretion of the several State legislatures upon the question of what shall constitute crime. The Convention aimed also to put an end to the conflict of opinion which has heretofore existed upon the point whether the Executive of the State making the demand for extradition, or the Executive of the State to which the prisoner has fled, should judge finally whether the prisoner should be returned.

If the fiat of the Executive of the demanding State is to be final, then a party must be given up even though it is known in the State where he resides that he has committed no crime, that the indictment against him is a mere pretense under which he will never be tried, and that the only object in pursuing him is to collect a civil debt or to carry out some other private motive. If, on the contrary, the fiat of the Governor of the asylum State is to be final, then it would appear that there should be an adjudication and trial, either before the Governor or the courts of that State, of the sufficiency of the grounds for claiming the return. Here again the question divides, some contending that if the person demanded has in fact been indicted for a crime, it is immaterial what private interests are also to be subserved, as in the case of nearly or quite all crimes there are concurrent private interests, whose existence in many cases forms the chief motive to the prosecution of the criminal. Others, however, make it a condition of the surrender of an alleged criminal that he shall not, while forcibly held in the demanding State, be subjected to any civil process, and that his extradition shall be availed of only for the purpose of trying him for the crime for which he is extradited.

It is conceded that in the present condition of the law the civil courts in all the States hold that it is no business of theirs how their defendant came within the State, whether by being forcibly brought there by requisition or not. The cases are very numerous in which the extradition is used as a means of accomplishing private objects. Those who dwell most on the hardship of these cases on the extradited person desire a trial, either before the courts or the Governor, of the grounds for extradition. On the contrary it is contended that to give the person demanded a trial before the courts and juries of the State to which he has fled would be equivalent to securing his discharge and annulling all extradition laws altogether.

### THE CARE OF THE INSANE.

INSTANCES of abuses in the management of asylums and charitable "homes" are made public now and then, but these cases are usually discounted by optimists who insist that modern treatment of the insane and helpless is generally at least humane. It is not to be denied that great progress has been made since the days when lunatics were chained and flogged, and paupers left to herd together like beasts, without decent care for their physical or moral welfare. It is perfectly true that some "exposures" of these institutions have been due either to personal malice or the demands of sensational journalism. There is a periodical outcry against insane asylums which is devoid of discrimination and intelligence, and which often proceeds from premises entirely false. But it will not do for optimists to take shelter behind such soothing generalities. Disclosures like those just made by the Committee appointed by the State Board of Charities to investigate the asylum at Ward's Island are free from any suspicion

of sensationalism or malice. Indeed, the Committee has couched its report in the mildest possible language. Yet this report shows that the great asylum of the metropolis which prides itself upon the perfection of its charitable institutions, and has held up Ward's Island as a showplace and an example, is the seat of extraordinary abuse.

The Committee has wisely occupied itself not so much with specific findings of facts relating to particular cases as with conclusions regarding the general causes and conditions of these evils. It was found that, owing to a false economy, the patients received daily less than fifteen cents' worth of food, and the total cost of food and maintenance was only thirty-three cents. This means that the dietary was insufficient, or in other words that 1,500 insane persons have been half starved by the great City of New York. The buildings have been overcrowded to nearly twice their capacity. The attendance has been utterly inadequate, and the minor attendants were found to be usually men of low character, brutal, and without appreciation of their responsibilities. It was deemed probable that "offenses are continually practiced by such attendants upon the patients." This is a gloomy picture, and one which should humiliate every citizen of New York. If these evils exist in the asylum of the metropolis, it is fair to infer their existence elsewhere, and the question of causes and remedies becomes all-important. It is apparent that the entire responsibility cannot be fixed upon any one man, and the Committee's conclusion that the system is at fault is therefore of the greater significance.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which is not free from the suspicion of political influence, has allotted money to the Board of Charities and Correction, which has been distributed by the latter, without the necessity of furnishing itemized accounts of expenditures for different institutions. The financial system has been defective. The Board of Charities has had too much on its hands, and in consequence its duties have been neglected. There has been an absence of direct responsibility. The Committee suggests that the Board's work should be subdivided, that the management of the insane should be given to a Board of Trustees, or that four single-headed departments should be established. These suggestions are worthy of consideration wherever the problem of municipal care for the helpless presents itself. The old systems of red-tape Boards, political interference and non-accountability must be replaced by some method which will result in actual supervision and direct responsibility. It is evident that at Ward's Island, as elsewhere, politics has had to do with the appointment of attendants and other matters, and politics must be banished from charitable institutions. While the system is to be blamed, it is reasonable to infer that personal negligence on the part of the Commissioners and Superintendent have contributed to a result which is a scandal and disgrace. But something will have been gained if this publicity calls attention to the necessity for a simpler and more direct and utterly non-political method of management of our helpless and most unfortunate fellow-citizens, whose pitiable condition demands humane and generous care.

### THE POPULARITY OF TENNIS.

IN the rapid and healthful growth of interest in outdoor sports which we have witnessed within the last ten years, there has been nothing more marked than the increase in popularity of lawn-tennis. In 1877 the game was a novelty in this country, although firmly established in England, and even in British colonies. At present there are hundreds of tennis clubs all the way from Maine to California, although the game has never attained the popularity in the South which it has in the East and West. The National Lawn Tennis Association has grown into an important organization, with a large and widespread membership. Its annual tournaments are events of the highest interest to every one who cares in any way for outdoor sports. Last week the fashionable society of Newport, and visitors from all the country around, gathered at the Casino to watch the sun-browned, active young athletes who competed in the "singles." Next week the "doubles" will be contested at Orange, N.J., an excellent arrangement—since the division of the national tournament into two parts at different places gratifies a much larger number of spectators. Meantime the competitors have tested their powers at the minor tournaments like those at Newcastle, Bar Harbor and Cooperstown. England has her Benschaws and Lawford, and other mighty knights of the racket, but America boasts the doughty Sears, to say nothing of Beekman, Taylor, Dwight, Clark, Slocum and others, whose names are blown abroad by the trumpet of fame. Lawn-tennis is mighty, and prevails among us.

It is natural enough to view this comparatively sudden enthusiasm over a sport with suspicion, but we do not share the forebodings of the pessimists who predict for tennis the decline and fall of croquet. With all due deference to the band of zealots who assemble yearly at Norwich with their mallets and balls, tennis is the far more interesting and inspiring game. Tennis is not a question of muscle, nor usually of great powers of endurance, while it affords wholesome and uniform exercise for arms, legs and lungs. It is not necessarily a violent game, and it affords an excellent means of recreation for women. It is true, as a physician has pointed out, that women may incur injury by excessive devotion to tennis; but it need scarcely be said that any kind of over-exertion is equally bad, and we have yet to hear of an injury due to tennis taken in moderation. The game is a charming one to watch, and it is eminently social. At first tennis was looked upon as an aristocratic or plutocratic pastime, but as the business of manufacturing the implements has grown larger and the making of courts is better understood, tennis has become a comparatively inexpensive, as well as a singularly healthful and fascinating, amusement. Moreover, the game is absolutely free from demoralizing associations. The professional element which intrudes itself into rowing, baseball and other sports is entirely absent from tennis. The game is without suspicion of uncleanness of any kind, and its high character is



likely to be maintained. There, as it seems to us, are abundant reasons for predicting that tennis will hold permanently one of the first places among our outdoor sports. Its most skillful exponents are collegians and younger men, who have been, as it were, brought up on the game, but at the same time tennis is equally enjoyable to the seniors who crave reasonable exercise rather than glory. And a game which brings an attractive and wholesome means of recreation within the reach of every one is certainly a benefit.

#### PRISON SYSTEMS.

THE fact that it takes a long time for a proven proposition to become a part of the common consciousness, and that public acts can never rise very much above the level of common opinion, makes it the duty of the public Press to iterate and reiterate truths that to the social scientist have long passed into truisms. The whole subject of State prisons, their reason for being, and the means by which they shall subserve their end, is still fundamentally misapprehended by the general public, although both study and experiment have long since made both branches of it clear to that large and constantly increasing body of men who, whatever the occupation by which they earn a livelihood, make it the true business of life to serve their fellow-men. It is an interesting fact that all of those who have made themselves experts in the prison question—men of all countries, from Russia to America—are unanimously of like mind upon all the essential points involved, differing only, if they differ at all, upon points of minor detail.

Since this is the case, the only difficulty barring the way to the adoption everywhere of a wise and truly scientific system of prison administration is that of bringing this ascertained and proven knowledge to make a part of the common fund. An essential point is the financial aspect of the question. The widely held theory that a State prison should be made to be self-supporting has long ago been proved entirely false and mischievous. It is based upon the unquestioned truth, that to the prisoner labor is absolutely essential, considered only in the false light of the assumption that labor should in all cases be made as remunerative as possible. After the experience of the past two years in New York State, no argument is needed to prove that the idleness of prisoners is a deadly evil, tending to disease, insanity and vice; but the assumption that labor, reintroduced into Auburn, for example, should make the prison a self-supporting institution, is false both as social and as economic science, and it needlessly and banefully complicates the question of the kind of labor best suited to the needs of prison discipline, and the "plan" or "system" under which it should be carried on.

The object of prisons is the welfare of society in the sequestration and reformation of the malefactor. That prison pays best which restores to society the largest number of men cured of the appetite for crime and furnished with the opportunity for virtue, in a trade, and a habit of working at it. How much or how little these men may have earned for the State during the process of working out their own moral cure is a consideration not so much subordinate as foreign to the true question; and that system which, by reducing the number of criminals, diminishes the expense of police force, law courts, and all that costly machinery by which society now guards itself against crime, detects it and awards its punishment, is the only truly economic, as it is the only truly humane and Christian system. Such a system may possibly be made self-supporting, though this is doubtful; but that is a false science which admits the point of self-support into the question at all.

Akin to this error is that view of the subject which permits the appointing and continuance of prison officials to be in the remotest degree associated with politics. This error, recognized by a large number of people to whom the economic side of the problem is not yet clear, is still held by very many. As well might the appointment of physicians and nurses in hospitals be a matter of political favor—nay, better; for the gift of nursing, and even of healing, does sometimes come by nature, but only long experience and careful study qualify men for the more serious and difficult task of healing man's moral ills. And it is a task no less awful than this which is undertaken by modern prison science. It is no utopian scheme, untried and doubtful. Years of experiment in England—experiment which has revolutionized the whole prison system of Great Britain, and greatly diminished not only the proportion but the actual number of criminals—ample tests in this country, in Elmira and Ohio and elsewhere, have fully proved its soundness to all who have investigated the subject. The task now remaining is not to prove, but to diffuse a knowledge of proven facts.

ELEVEN Southern States once undertook to defy the authority of the Federal Government, and are not likely to try the experiment again. The people of one little county in Kentucky (Taylor) are now engaged in an attempt, by force and boycotting, to prevent the execution of a process of the United States Court, which has ordered its officers to collect judgments against it by levy upon the property of citizens. Taylor County voted, in 1869, to issue county bonds, to the amount of \$250,000, to aid in the construction of the Cumberland and Ohio Railroad. The bonds were never paid. Holders of them have recovered judgment against the county in the United States Circuit Court. The judgments will be paid.

COLLECTOR SALTONSTALL, of the Boston Custom-house, whose appointment is one of the best made by President Cleveland, sent away the representatives of the Democratic State Convention, who called upon him the other day to ascertain why he retained so many Republicans among his subordinates, with a very lively bee in their bonnets. He told them in polite language that it was none of their business; that he was responsible to the President of the United States, and not to any political party; that he was as good a Democrat as any of them; and that he was not to be frightened by any threats to read him out of the party. Pity 'tis that President Cleveland has not appointed more Saltonstalls and fewer Higginses.

It was a time of enthusiasm for the Nationalists, and a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the Tories, when Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons last Thursday evening, presented his resolution for an address to the Throne in protest against the proclamation of the Irish National League. His speech supporting this resolution was in a characteristically forcible and prophetic strain. It was an unmeasured arraignment of the Government, which, Mr. Gladstone pointed out, expected the House to ratify the Viceroy's proclamation of the League, a virtual declaration of war against the Irish people, without even knowing the grounds upon which such a momentous statutory duty was to be performed. The embarrassed and evasive reply of Mr. Balfour, when evidence was asked for, was quite ludicrous. Ireland's condition under the proclamation—without jury, judge or resident magistrate, and no Parliament to control the country, nothing but the "absolute, unmitigated, arbitrary" act of the Irish Executive—even this condition,

the serene old statesman appealingly said, must be patiently borne for yet a little while. Not through fear, but from a strong and buoyant hope, for the triumph was near. Words like these, coming from a logical, deliberate political seer like Mr. Gladstone, surely give a prophetic significance to this notable speech.

THE President's appointment of Higgins, and his indifference to the notorious interference of Federal officials in Maryland politics, is now bearing its legitimate fruit. The Citizens' Reform League of Baltimore, composed chiefly of Democrats, and which recently brought ten fraudulent Democratic election judges to prison, has, through its leader, announced its determination to support the Republican State ticket this Fall. There is probably no State in the Union in which the political machine is more corrupt and unscrupulous than in Maryland, led as it is by Senator Gorman, and backed, apparently, by President Cleveland. The cause of Reform could not be better served than by the defeat of the Democracy of that State in the coming election.

THE new college for women to be erected at Syracuse University through the munificence of Mr. John Crouse, one the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Central New York, will greatly extend the facilities of that institution for the education of the gentler sex. The first estimate of the cost of the new building was \$200,000, but no limit will be placed upon desirable expenditure. It will contain rooms for instruction in music, painting, drawing, engraving, architecture, etching, modeling, languages and sciences, as well as other departments of education especially pursued by women, and a large concert hall and art gallery. The time is coming when no opportunities for education open to young men will be closed to young women. Every generous provision like that made by Mr. Crouse removes a part of the remaining prejudice and hastens that time.

MRS. LEONARD M. BARRY, the only female organizer of the Knights of Labor, in speaking of the insulting treatment to which many women workers are subjected, the other day said that a well-educated and refined girl applied for employment at a drygoods store in Philadelphia, lately, and when engaged, was told that she would receive four dollars a week. She protested that she could not pay board and dress on such a salary, when she was told that "other arrangements would have to be made for the dresses." Mrs. Barry says that it is a daily occurrence that women are insulted by some male boss or underling, and fear discharge if they resent it. The best protection that a woman can have in such cases is that which she throws about herself by circumspect behavior; but if that can be reinforced by more effective laws than we now have, by all means let them be enacted.

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT'S "Confession of Faith," published in the *Christian Union*, is summarized in the following brief sentences: "I do not believe that there is any evidence, either Scriptural or philosophical, that probation continues till death for any man, or ends at death for any man, Christian or Pagan, in the Church or out of the Church, who has heard of Christ or who has never heard of Christ. I find no reason either in Scripture or in philosophy for supposing that death has anything to do with probation." While this is neither the Andover theology nor Universalism, as Dr. Abbott shows, it leaves little more of the old Orthodox creed on the doctrine of probation than the former, and less, even, than the latter. It seems to us that the teachers of the new theology are adrift, with no assurance that they will finally stop, even where Dr. Abbott's anchor just now seems to have caught.

EX-SENATOR MAHONE has made the most of the present demoralized condition of the Democratic party in his State in the address he has issued for the Virginia Republican State Committee, of which he is chairman. It is not to be expected that party platforms will necessarily stick very near the truth. They are made to catch votes, and are generally filled with self-glorification and merciless criticisms of the opposing party. But the Virginia Democrats seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate. Their resolutions in favor of raising revenue from duties on imports and demanding the repeal of the tax on tobacco, fruit-distillations and whisky, as well as their approval of the Blair Educational Bill, do not jibe very well with their endorsement of President Cleveland's Administration, and General Mahone has shown them up in a very uncomfortable light. These Virginia Democrats are likely to give the party elsewhere in the country a great deal of trouble.

THE failure of the second conference of Japan with American and European Powers for the purpose of securing such a revision of the onerous existing treaties as will relieve her of the painful disadvantage under which she now labors in her relations with other nations has been followed by a determination by the Japanese to complete as soon as possible the codification of their laws and the organization of courts throughout the Empire, and, at the proper time, to begin fresh negotiations with the Western Powers for the unrestricted opening of their country to foreign visitation and residence. The revolution in Japan, during the last quarter of a century, which has resulted in a radical change in the character of its civilization, is one of the wonders of this wonderful Nineteenth Century. It is satisfactory to reflect that, with the exception of one or two incidents which we have no occasion to be proud of, the Government of the United States has manifested a constant sympathy with Japan in her struggle for better things, and that now the revision of the treaties asked for is favored at Washington.

THE Mexican postal authorities are doing everything in their power to improve their system and bring their mail facilities into line with those of other nations, and particularly the United States. Registered letters are now transmitted between Mexico and New York in fourteen days. This time will be reduced, by the introduction of the international lock system, now accepted by Mexico, to eight days. Hereafter registered bags will be made up for Mexico at New York, St. Louis, El Paso and San Francisco. The American practice in the matter of packages by mail liable to duty will, it is likely, be adopted in Mexico very shortly. By this practice the appraiser at the frontier marks the amount of duty on the package, which is forwarded at once, and the postmaster at the place of destination collects the duty. The present is but one of the many forward steps taken by Mexico within the past few years. These signs of progress should be noted and studied by Americans, who are by good fortune at the head of the Western World. After every deduction is made, Mexico is a country of vast resources, and we possess great advantages for the development and control of her trade. Sufficient attention has not been paid to the fact that Mexico has been greatly retarded in her growth by the physical conformation of the country, which made the approach to the interior from either coast a long, slow and costly process of

climbing. The lines of easy access run, as Humboldt long ago pointed out, from the north, and with the extension of railroads from the north, a new era began for Mexico. Our own affairs absorb, naturally enough but too exclusively, our attention; and most of us would be surprised and indignant if told that there have been in the past twelve years fewer disturbances of public order in Mexico, the country of revolutions, than in the United States. It is none the less true. Peace has come to our neighbor, and the desire of progress; and we have only to meet her half way to strengthen and enrich our own people.

Nor long ago a New England firm selling goods in New York was forced to make an assignment by the failure of its largest customer in this city. Careful inquiry had been made as to the financial standing of the New York creditor before its paper was accepted, but the fact was overlooked that a debtor in making an assignment in this State is allowed, under certain circumstances, to prefer certain claims. While such ignorance on the part of the creditor was almost inexcusable, the incident illustrates a defect in our system of commercial law that cries aloud for reform. The laws touching commercial paper and bankruptcy are different in different States, and the business man whose transactions are large is obliged to keep a lawyer at his elbow to advise him at almost every step. Attention is freshly called to this subject by the report of a committee of the American Bar Association, at its recent meeting, in favor of national legislation upon the subject of bankruptcy and commercial paper, so far as the same is involved in interstate commerce, and generally upon the law relating to credits and the collection of debts. The subject ought to be agitated until there is a unification of the commercial law of the country in the respects mentioned.

A TELEGRAPHIC message written upon a sheet of ordinary note-paper, directed to the firm of T. W. Pearsall & Co., of this city, was deposited in an office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, but was delivered addressed to "T. W. Pearsall" without the addition of the firm designation. No one in the New York office was authorized to open telegrams thus addressed, and so the message remained unopened until the return of the head of the firm, thus causing him pecuniary loss. He sued the telegraph company, and the New York Supreme Court, General Term, held, among other things, that, under the circumstances, the company was estopped from showing that by a condition on the blanks the company was not liable for mistakes in non-repeated messages. We fail to recall any more impudent imposition upon the public than this same condition. It is a telegraph company's business to send correctly messages intrusted to it by the public, and that, too, without requiring the customer to pay an extra price to insure accuracy. The concern that should charge \$10 extra for guaranteeing that a coat it was to make for a customer should fit would soon go out of the business—unless it was a gigantic monopoly like the Western Union Telegraph Company.

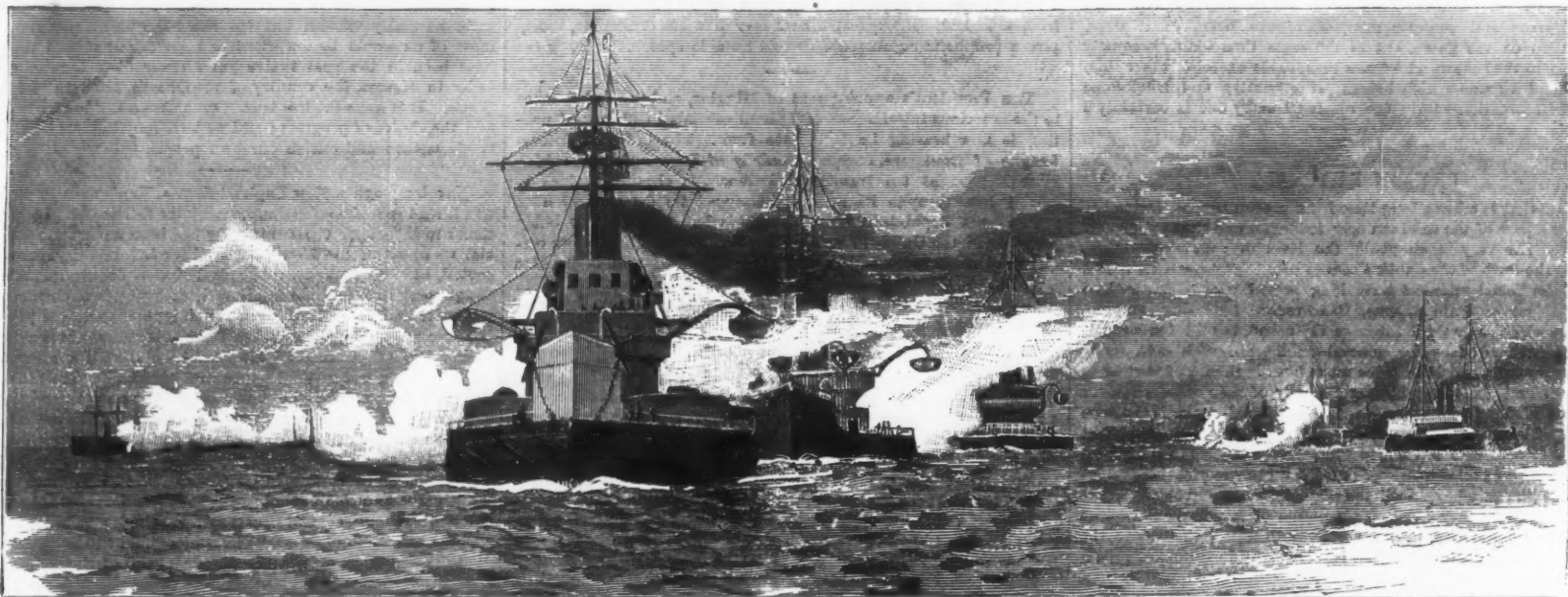
If it is possible to discover a new device for wronging the Indians of this country and throwing obstacles in the way of their civilization, the Government or the people who come in contact with them may be depended upon to find it out. It is difficult to imagine what excuse there is for the recent order from the Department at Washington forbidding instruction in schools in any Indian language on any Indian Reservation, whether Government or mission schools. For fifty years Christian missionaries have lived among the Sioux, learned their language, published the Bible in it, and have trained up native teachers to instruct those Indians who do not speak the English language, and never will, in the principles of Christianity and the arts of civilization. It is impossible to reach many of them in any other way; but the Government says that, unless instruction is given in the English language by the missionaries, whether they teach religion or letters, it must not be given at all. It is, of course, very desirable that the Indians should, as far as possible, learn the English language; but if for any reason they do not, to close the schools upon them is as unjust as it would be to decree that an Indian who couldn't get a European costume should wear no clothes.

THE Manitoba railroad complication forms a curious commentary upon that Government control of railroads which some scatter-brained Socialists appear to deem essential to the well-being of "the people." The Dominion Government has practically built and backed the Canadian Pacific road as a great highway through British possessions from ocean to ocean. Of course the Government insists that all Canadian traffic within the Canadian Pacific territory shall be carried upon that road. But the people of Manitoba have a natural outlet for their trade up the Red River Valley into the United States. Very naturally they want a Red River railroad, in order to develop their natural commercial relations with St. Paul, Minneapolis and Fargo. The Dominion Government refuses, because such a railroad would divert trade from the Canadian Pacific, and because, although this is not to be taken seriously, it would give the United States an easy means of invasion in case of war. Nevertheless the Manitoba people are determined to have their road, the contractor engaged upon it defies injunctions, and Premier Norquay and others vow resistance to federal interference, even to the point of bloodshed. All of which suggests the particularly sweet pickle that the Government of this country would get into if it undertook to run all the railroads, so as to satisfy the people of all sections and at the same time do a profitable business.

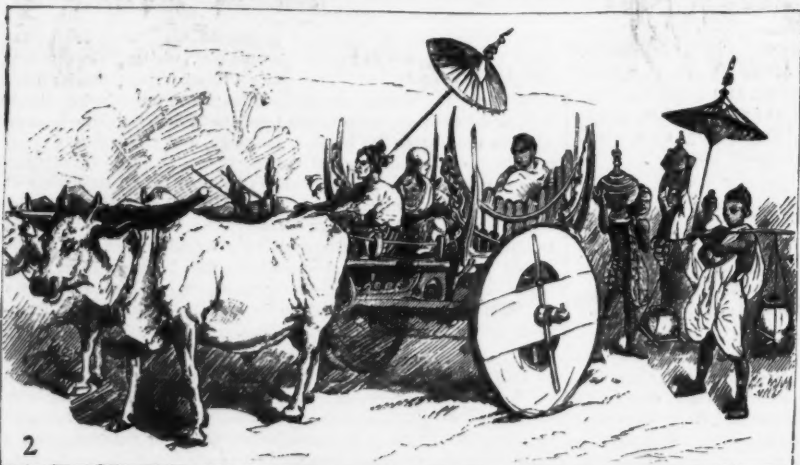
JUDGE POTTER, of Whitehall, after taking plenty of time in the matter, has seen fit to grant a stay of proceedings in the case of Jacob Sharp, on the ground of error in the admission of certain testimony as evidence; thus reversing the decision of Judge Barrett, who tried this supremely important case with conspicuous ability and thoroughness, and who, during an experience of more than twenty-five years upon the bench, has never before met with a similar reversal. This is a disheartening delay of justice. Whether or not it may result in a defeat of justice, as meted out to the arch corrupter in his lenient sentence, seems to depend largely upon the amount of restraint in the way of bail which may be put upon him, in case he is let out of jail. Indeed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that this now desperate hoodle-millionaire would forfeit any bail to which he might be admitted, to get safely out of the grasp of the law. District Attorney Martine has obtained an order from Governor Hill convening the General Term of the Supreme Court in extraordinary session on September 7th. This prompt move was justified by the emergency, and certainly ought to keep Sharp in Ludlow Street for the present. His counsel undoubtedly had very different plans for him, to which the stay was preliminary; but now Judge Potter himself may well hesitate about releasing the prisoner on bail. There is, happily, no reason to doubt that the hard-won triumph of honesty and justice in the conviction of Sharp will in time be confirmed by the decision of the General Term. Still, it cannot be denied that, by the action of Judge Potter, that triumph has been detracted from and placed in jeopardy.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



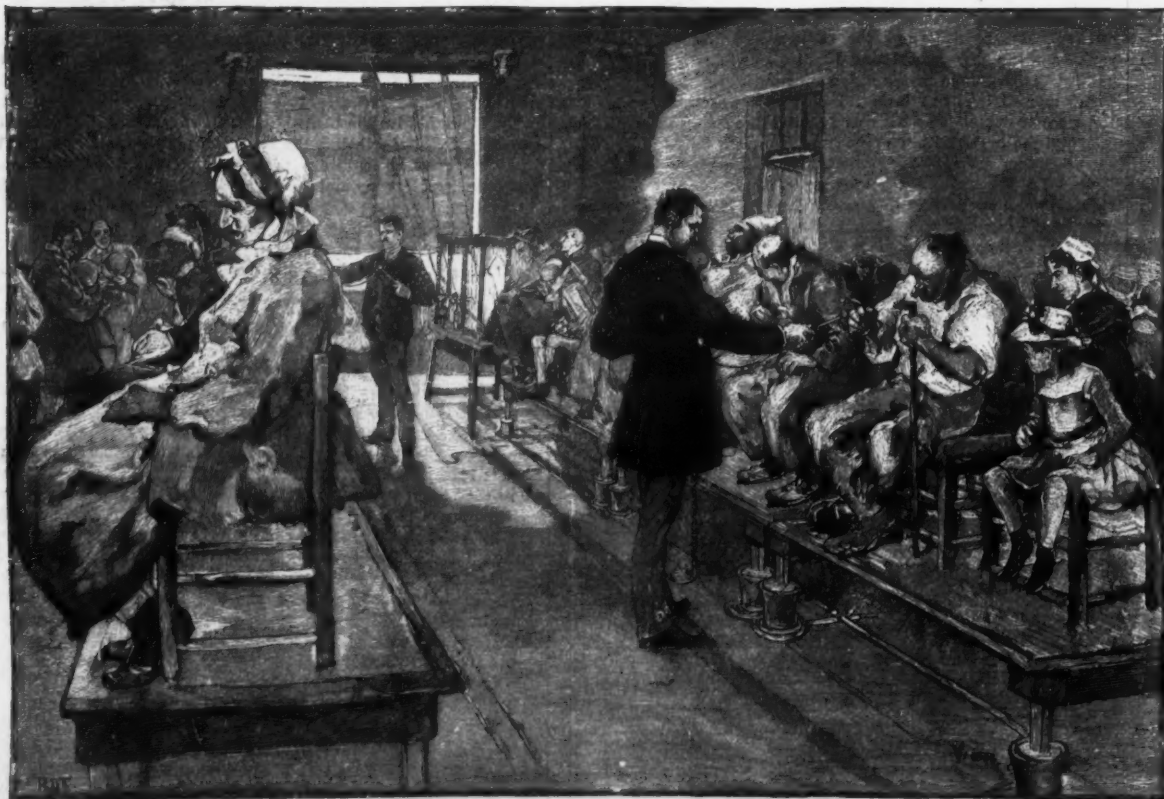
"Edinburgh." "Black Prince." "Devastation."  
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES—THE BATTLE OF WHITEHAVEN, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.



1. "Chine" Visiting an English Camp. 2. A Phoongyi Cart.  
UPPER BURMAH.—SCENES IN THE YAU COUNTRY.



NORWAY.—A COUNTRY WEDDING IN THE HARDANGER FJORD DISTRICT.



FRANCE.—ELECTRIC BATHS AND LOCAL APPLICATION AT THE SALPÊTRIÈRE HOSPITAL.



FRANCE.—STATUE OF MIRABEAU, TO BE  
ERECTED AT MONTARGIS.

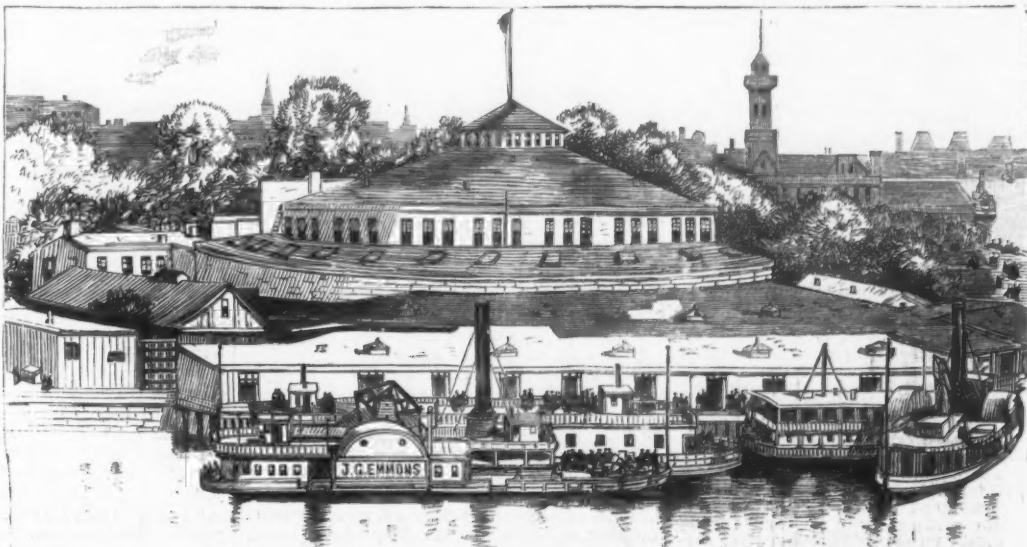


AFFAIRS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

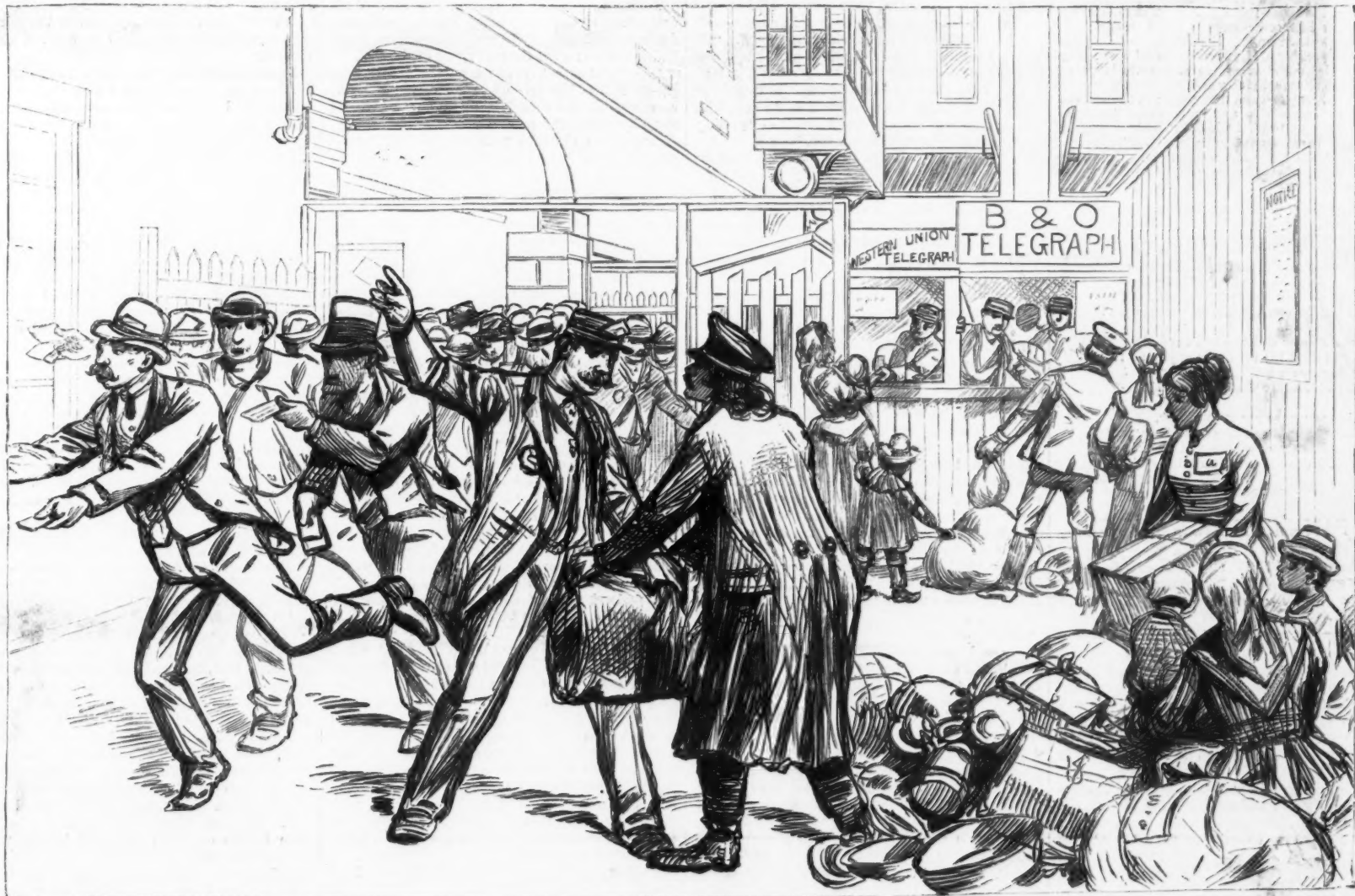
AN investigation into the affairs of Castle Garden, the great immigration depot of New York, as administered by the Commissioners of Emigration, was begun last week by Mr. David Okey, Chief of the Mercantile Marine Insurance and Industrial Revenue Division of the Treasury Department. Mr. Okey was sent to New York by Secretary Fairchild, and began the examination of witnesses last week. The immediate cases which led up to the investigation were those of Ingjerd Jonson and Hulda Hallgren, two Norwegian women who were ill gaily detained and otherwise maltreated at Castle Garden. These cases have been quite thoroughly ventilated through the daily newspapers. From the evidence already taken, it is plain that a good official overhauling is what the big establishment at the Battery needs.

According to the testimony of the principal witnesses examined by Mr. Okey, the luckless immigrants are systematically bled by people who pay high prices to the Commissioners for the various "privileges" of the Garden. Then the railroad companies come in for a large share, while the baggagemen and boarding-house keepers pounce upon their prey outside the walls.

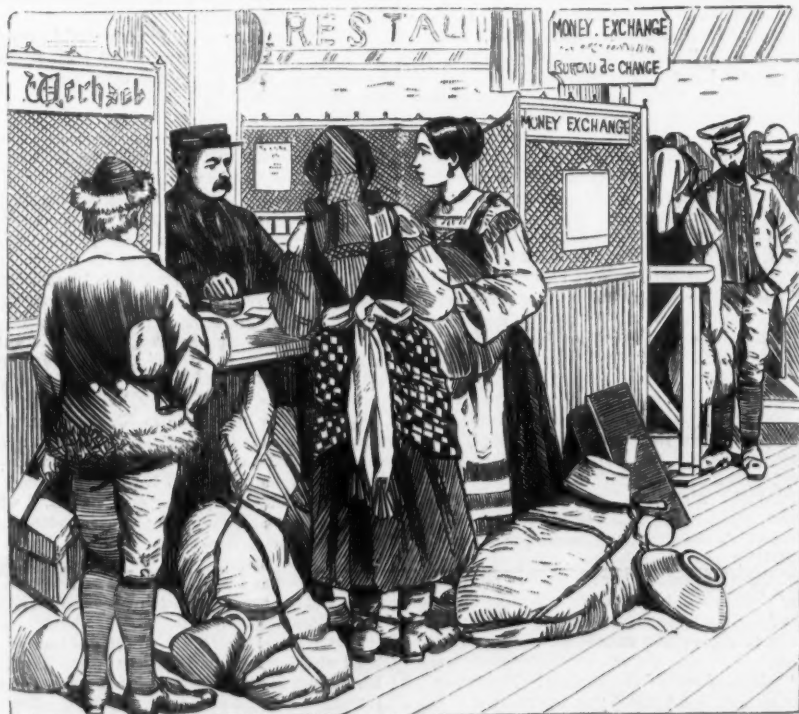
"Upon the arrival of a steamship," says one of the witnesses, "the immigrants are put together in a large inclosure, or pen, and passed in file by the registry clerks, who register their names, places of nativity and destination. After their registration, if they are considered to have been passed, they are, however, not allowed to go out of the Garden until they have changed their foreign money for United States currency, and if they are going away by rail, until they have purchased their tickets. There are placards posted up around the building giving the prices of food, such as rye



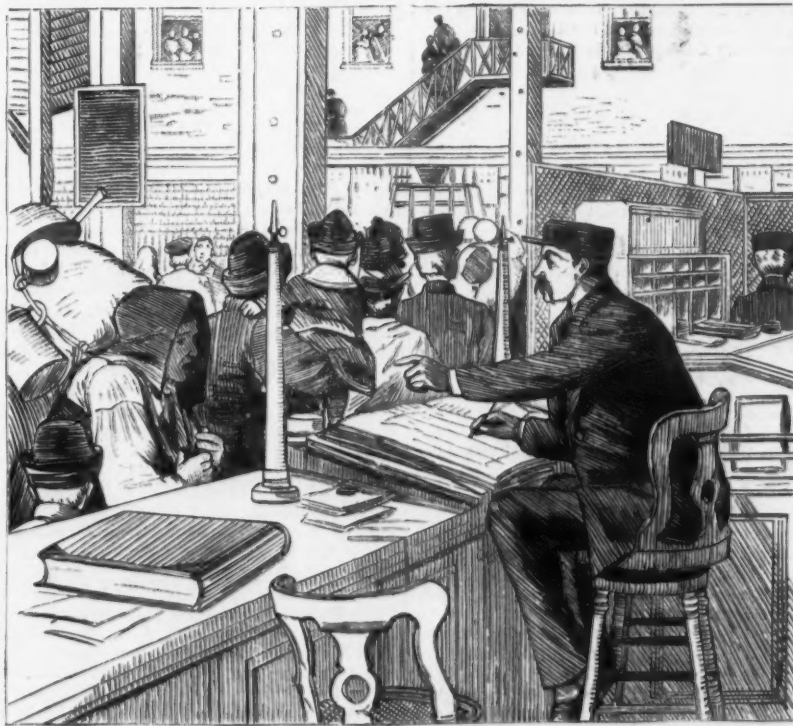
VIEW OF CASTLE GARDEN.



IMMIGRANT BOARDING-HOUSE RUNNERS.



MONEY EXCHANGE.



REGISTERING IMMIGRANTS.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATION OF THE MANAGEMENT OF CASTLE GARDEN—SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE GARDEN.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



bread, 18 cents; plain white, 10 cents; pie, 10 cents. A bit of sausage, a piece of bread and a bottle of beer cost an immigrant 35 cents. Rye bread such as is sold in the Garden can be bought anywhere outside for 10 cents. The white bread they charge 10 cents for can be bought at any bake shop for 8 cents. The pie is the ordinary cut that is sold everywhere for 5 cents. It is charged, also, that the rates of the money-changers are unfair, and that the charges for baggage transportation, as regulated by the Castle Garden railroad pool, are exorbitant.

Our pictures include several characteristic views of Castle Garden, inside and out. The scene within the huge rotunda, when it is filled with a miscellaneous congregation of immigrants, is one of the most novel in all cosmopolitan New York. Italians, Scandinavians, Hungarians, Dutch, Irish, Germans and French, men, women and children, dressed in outlandish costumes, and most of them carrying some quaint parcel, or musical instrument, or article of personal property, move about in kaleidoscopic promiscuity. The clerks have to speak nearly all the modern European languages, not to mention *patois*. After being registered, changing their money, etc., the immigrants have the boarding-house runners let loose upon them. An official throws open a gate, and twenty or more men with tickets stuck in their hats come running in. These are the runners for the immigrant boarding-houses, and the tickets in their hats are the business cards of their respective hotels. There is usually no struggle between rival runners, but each runs up to the immigrant that he has marked for his own, seizes his luggage and is away with him in a jiffy.

At the east side of the front entrance to the round house is the Labor Bureau. There is usually in the labor-room a row of men, sitting on benches like schoolboys, wearily waiting for something to turn up. A blackboard announces that a farmer, a saddler, a tailor, and so on, are wanted. Tailors, shoemakers and farm laborers are almost always in demand.

In a room apart from the men are the women waiting for positions, and sometimes for husbands. Two matrons look after their interests, and guard them from the approach of sharpers. The women do not have to wait long for positions, if they are willing to go into service, for the supply of servants seldom equals the demand.

#### INDIAN SUMMER.

ROSE that flamed with June's red fire  
A fond hand plucked long since for me;  
A fond voice prayed: "My soul's desire  
Is but to tread life's path with thee!"

Scarcely sooner did the red rose die  
Than did his love who spoke so fair!  
The Summer's flitting phantasy  
Dissolved into the mocking air.

To-day you gave me asters, dear,  
As through the fallow fields we passed.  
'Tis Autumn now of life and year,  
Yet, O dear heart, true faith at last!

HELEN T. CLARK.

#### COFFIN-MAKER'S ROSEL.

By LUCY BLAKE.

"HERE is a fellow," began Gerrit, one of my companions in the studio at Munich during the past Winter, "who refuses such companionship as ours on a trip to Norway, and instead, goes roaming about alone in the Bavarian Highlands," and the finger of scorn pointed to me unmistakably.

"You had better ask a son of the soil to have an eye upon you," said another would-be Raphael; "there are some ticklish bits of climbing in the Wetterstein Range, and if you make a misstep the vultures will save you the cost of burial."

Certainly unsociable, and possibly a little dangerous, was the plan I had arranged for myself, but something had lately occurred which made me care very little whether the vultures picked my bones or not. A woman was, of course, at the bottom of my woes; one of the fairest on God's earth—and the falsest.

I loved her as a man can love but once, and she let me hope that my abject devotion would have its reward. Then another man appeared on the scene, fabulously rich from the diamond-fields in South Africa. Denise, my darling, was almost a dependent—people began to couple her name with that of the diamond king. One evening I saw them standing alone on the terrace at Marlow talking earnestly together. I caught the words:

"What will Mallett say? Poor beggar, I pity him!"

I saw this man bend down and kiss my darling on the lips, his arm round her waist, she unresisting. I was the poor beggar Mallett, and without waiting to hear or see more, I dashed into the thick woods and away, far away from the sight of my false love.

I couldn't bear either the pity or ridicule of Gerrit and the other fellows, and for the time being I was almost entirely out of money; thus my accompanying them on their trip was doubly impracticable. So one hot July morning I took leave of my jolly party of friends, and before nightfall found myself installed at the "Golden Ram" in the fiddle-makers' village of Mittenwald.

I took several stiff climbs in the neighborhood. Having set out to walk myself into a healthier state of body and mind, I meant to neglect nothing that would bring about that end. I made a few sketches, too, though my heart was not in the work. There was no one now to care either for my success or failure, and I felt profoundly indifferent to both.

One cool, fresh morning I started upon the ascent of the Blaue Gumppe, one of the most difficult of the pedestrian tasks I had set myself. I plodded steadily upwards over puzzling zigzag paths fitter for goats than men, and towards noon found myself on a pretty green plateau like a peaceful scrap of Eden amid a grim wilderness of rock and tangle of black fir forest. The awful loneliness of the place was relieved by a little cluster of houses, a tiny church, and the inevitable

inn—the aggregate calling itself the village of Elman, as I afterwards learned.

Crossing the further end of a field, I came upon a boy leaning against the trunk of a tree ready to circumvent a sleek dun cow in her desire to invade an adjacent cabbage-patch.

"Good-day, my boy," I began, in a tone of patriarchal benignity. "Am I on the right path to the top of the peak yonder?"

The youth advanced a few paces towards me, and I saw to my surprise that he was knitting a long, blue stocking.

Queer people these, I thought; but it must be dull work living up here among the clouds, and the men are driven to knitting to kill time.

"Please, sir," replied this perplexing person, "I'm not a boy."

"Indeed! you call yourself a man, I suppose."

"No; I'm Coffin-maker's Rosel."

When a young woman dresses herself in a pair of homespun trousers, a blue blouse and a battered Tyrolean hat with a heron's feather stuck in it, she is apt to mislead people regarding her sex, though she knits with all the industry of the Fates. Therefore I felt that I might spare my blushes. I now found leisure to observe that the cow's guardian had a charmingly pretty face, in feature and coloring, and in a sweet modesty of expression, and there was a suggestion of ample, sunny blonde hair tucked away under the shabby old hat—a bonny brown peasant lassie, with bright eyes and milky teeth, such as Defregger loves to paint.

"I beg your pardon, Friulein Rosel," I began, doffing my hat respectfully; "but I thought—"

"Oh, yes, I understand," she interrupted. "It was my clothes. I wear these"—glancing down at the hideous, baggy trousers—"when I am at work. Just now I have a good deal to do for Mutzli"—nodding her head towards the cow, who was taking my measure suspiciously—"getting her ready for the fair, you know."

I did not know, but this was quite immaterial, so long as the pretty girl was ready to chat and warm me in the rays of her sweet smile.

"I have a very pretty petticoat, red, with three rows of black velvet round it, like the other girls, and a bodice embroidered with silver thread. I wear them on Sundays, and when Otto comes."

A slight pause and a blush at the mention of this name convinced me that Otto was a favored lover; nor was I mistaken.

"Did you ever see a finer cow than Mutzli?"

I declared I never had seen an animal of any description that could hold a candle to her.

"Her coat is so shiny, it makes my eyes ache," I added.

"That is the beer," said Rosel; "three stone pots a week from now till the fair comes off. I'll get the money back in the prize she brings. But I must not delay you any longer with my chatter. It would never do to have the night overtake you on the Blaue Gumppe."

She gave me minute directions concerning the path I was to follow, and as I finally set off, called after me:

"You had better return the same way and spend the night here at the Black Eagle. There is a short way down to Mittenwald near the top of the mountain; but you will scarcely find it without a guide."

I waved my hat and called back in response that the pleasure of seeing her again would amply compensate me for missing the short cut, if I failed to find it.

The keen, pure air invigorated me, and with all the enthusiasm of an aspiring mountain-climber I pushed upward towards the crest of the rock-strewn, chasm-riven mass which surrounded me on every side. Suddenly, not more than half an hour above the plateau, I stumbled on a rolling stone, and went whirling over the edge of a crag—to certain death, I believed—in a rock-bound pool a hundred or more feet below. At that supreme moment the name of Denise flew to my agonized lips, and the love or her which I had so bravely tried to stifle flamed up hotter than ever before. I would find the lonely death of a wounded beast down on those iron rocks, and she would never know my miserable fate.

But my last hour was not yet come; a tree growing in a cleft of the rock, about twenty feet below the path from which I had fallen, caught me, and held me fast in the midst of the mad rush of stones and earth that my downfall had dislodged. My perch, though secure enough, and easy to hold, was far from being an enviable one. Above me, twenty feet or more of steep rock, which only a lizard could climb; at a giddy depth below, the dark, sullen, rock-girt tarn. Plainly, I could not help myself, and my only chance of rescue lay in some one hearing my shout for help. A forlorn hope, I well knew, for few people took the trouble to scale the Blaue Gumppe, and I was far above any habitations. Perhaps Rosel would come to look for me if I failed to return to the "Black Eagle"; but this was hardly likely, as I told her I meant to take the short cut down, if I found it. Gerrit's cheerful prediction about the vultures picking my bones recurred to me, and I began to think he was not so far wrong. Hours dragged slowly away; the shadows began to lengthen, and the hateful pool seemed to blink at me from below, waiting eagerly for the moment when I must fall into its black maw. To my almost continuous shrieks for help no answer came save from the echoes and the wheeling birds overhead.

Hoarse, and tortured with thirst, I was giving up in despair, when I heard the welcome sound of a human voice. Looking up, I saw Rosel's frightened face peering at me from over the cliff.

"Have courage and patience," she called. "I will bring help as soon as possible."

With a reasonable hope of rescue alive in me once more, it was easy to be patient, and in the course of an hour I heard the hum of several voices all talking together, mingled with the tinkling of a cowbell. Again Rosel's head appeared over the top of the rock.

"None of the men were at home," she cried, "but I have brought two girls and Mutzli and a rope. We can pull you up quite safely; trust us, and don't be afraid."

Could I have been a witness of the scene that then took place I should have, doubtless, been much entertained.

It was as if a huge kite had sunk to earth upon the level above, trailing its thick ropy tail down into the ravine; Mutzli representing the kite, the three girls the ballast, tied at intervals, and I the pendent tassel at the end of the tail. In spite of her peerless beauty, the cow had been taught to make herself occasionally useful at home, in the pulling and hauling way, and her harness and education now stood me in good stead. At a given signal, a little girl with dust-colored pigtailed assailed the docile Mutzli with a willow switch. She moved forward, the girls tugged bravely at the stout rope, and I began slowly but surely to ascend. I got many a scratch and bump, but I scrambled upon *terra firma* at last with sound bones in my body, if not a strictly intact skin.

"How did you happen to find me, Friulein Rosel? I was far out of all possible earshot from your home."

"I came to look for you. Though you did not promise, I believed you would come back to the 'Black Eagle.' When after sunset you had not appeared, I thought something must be wrong, so I followed you," she answered, simply.

"A thoughtfulness to which I owe my life."

Then the false, fair face of Denise, with its dark eyes of almost unearthly beauty, seemed to rise before me mockingly, and I wished my aching heart had found its rest at the rocky foot of the cliff.

I appeared as a hero in the eyes of the honest, simple folk of Elman, and they received me with such cordial kindness that I found myself tarrying day after day among them. Here, surely, among these childlike peasants in their lonely mountain home, there was nothing to recall Denise to my mind, and I might forget her if I would. I tried hard to persuade myself that a man would be happier in the love of a girl like Rosel, but I could not cheat my inmost heart. Denise was lovelier, as a superb gloire-de-Dijon rose surpasses her humbler sister in a cottage garden. I could watch without a shade of envy the love-making of Rosel and her stalwart adorer, Otto, and the handsome young mountaineer and I became fast friends.

Rosel's father made coffins for defunct humanity in Elman and another hamlet in the neighborhood. When the season was a particularly healthful one the old man occupied himself piously with carving crucifixes in wood, which he executed with considerable skill. Under his guidance I began to try my hand at wood-carving, and I whiled away many a dull hour at this fascinating employment. The cattle fair, the all-absorbing topic of conversation at Elman, was now only a few days distant. Rosel's cow was to compete for a prize of a hundred marks, and it was the general opinion in the limited, but, in such rural matters, enlightened, district, that Mutzli would carry off the prize with unanimous consent. It was perhaps not strictly honest to enhance her charms with beer, but the need that she should succeed was great.

"You see it means a deal to Otto and me if Mutzli wins the prize," Rosel began for the hundredth time. "She can then sell easily for two hundred marks; that and the prize will make three hundred, the sum needed to buy an interest in the brewery at Mittenwald. Then"—here she blushed very prettily—"we can be married. But if Mutzli fails to get the prize, we shall have to wait another year, and who knows how much longer? for the chance in the brewery will be gone then. Otto can't earn much in the woods now, and father says people seem to get on with fewer coffins than formerly."

"Who gives the prize Mutzli is to win?" I asked.

"The Herr Graf Laurie. The fair is held on his grounds, but four miles from here—Schloss Rudolfseck."

I started at this name, which I had heard Denise mention a hundred times. She had spent many a week at this Schloss; it was possible she was there now.—I had no idea until now that Rudolfseck lay in this vicinity. However, I need not apprehend a meeting with Denise; the fashionable visitors at the Schloss would scarcely take the trouble to climb up to Elman, and I registered a silent vow to shun the fair at Rudolfseck.

The eventful day dawned: as a small testimony of gratitude to the people who had made me so welcome in their village, I ordered some kegs of beer and other refreshments to be sent up from Mittenwald and set forth at the "Black Eagle," for free distribution to all my thirsty friends on their way to the fair. Awkwardly enough, the fellows who brought the beer dropped one keg, which sprung a leak in consequence, and its contents had to be poured into a tub.

"Put it out on the flat stone in the shady corner of the garden; it will be cool there, and we can have it in when the other kegs are empty," suggested somebody, and the hint was immediately acted upon.

Presently a shout of delight arose from the crowd. Mutzli, the belle of the village, the star upon which the hopes of Elman were set, was approaching, ready for the fair. Her sleek, brown coat shone like satin; her horns were polished till they rivaled silver, and across them and around her fat sides she wore with conscious pride garlands of spice-pinks and huge honest cabbage-roses.

"Oh, the beauty! the darling! Never fear for her missing the prize!" was the general cry.

Rosel, in her red petticoat and bodice, fresh and sweet and pretty as her namesake, led her pet by a red woolen cord which she had woven in honor of the occasion; such was the docility of Mutzli that she needed little restraint.

She was tethered to the garden-palings while the remainder of the company repaired to the inn to drink my health, Rosel's, Mutzli's, anybody's that necessitated the emptying of another glass.

Our modest revels were at length disturbed by the maiden of the ashen pigtailed, with a face pale as her hair, rushing in and exclaiming:

"Mutzli has got something dreadful the matter with her—come out to the garden, quick!"

We all flew to the spot in alarm, and what a scene met our astonished gaze! The hitherto virtuous Mutzli had broken her festal tether, invaded the garden, sought out the tub of reserve beer, and had taken such a long pull at it, that she was no longer fit for polite society. The abandoned look of her as she sat there on her hunches, like a dog, leering at the company, with her wreath of roses cocked rakishly over one eye, and the other garlands trailing in the dust! I blush now to think of her.

Yes, Mutzli had made herself disgracefully drunk on my unlucky beer. Rosel, weeping bitterly, tried to sober her by judicious shakes and thumps, but all in vain. Mutzli could not be set upon her legs again, but finally collapsed into a tipsy slumber. When she awoke, it would be too late to drive her down to Rudolfseck; besides, who would admit for competition an animal with such low human vices? Rosel's grief was really pitiable. "Good-by, prize, interest in the brewery, wedding, and all my happiness!" she wailed, falling back into the arms of her sympathetic friends, in a violent paroxysm of weeping. None of the coffin-maker's party went to the fair that day, and Elman became, as it were, a city of mourning.

I was heartily sorry for Rosel's disappointment. I felt so grateful to the kind-hearted, winsome maiden, and would so gladly have befriended her. Now, I had been the indirect means of bringing upon her the greatest of misfortunes.

I would willingly have given her the amount she had lost through Mutzli's insobriety, but I was nearly out of money until three months had elapsed, and then it would be too late. Nor did I have any friend or acquaintance to whom I could apply for a loan. Perhaps a picture of mine which Collins, a friend, had taken to Paris, might find a purchaser in time for the money to help Rosel—but this was scarcely likely. I must wait for some other light to be thrown upon our perplexities. Abandon the broken-hearted lovers in their present plight, I could not.

As is usually the case in such complicated affairs, light came from a most unexpected quarter. It turned out that Mutzli, by her indecent behavior on the day of the fair, became an object of far greater interest than if she had soberly won the prize. People came from a distance to see the convivial bovine, and an illustration of Coffin-maker's Rosel in her homespun trousers, with her cow by her side, found its way into a Munich journal.

One morning a messenger came from Schloss Rudolfseck to ask Rosel's permission for a lady staying at the Schloss to come to Elman to make a sketch of her, Rosel, and the cow. I, from the garden, heard the man deliver his message.

"Is it one of the Frei Friuleins?" Rosel asked.

"No; the pretty young lady with the big dark eyes, like Mutzli's—Friulein Denise. She was a guest last year, but she has lost all her money, and is now governess to the Herr Graf's children. She hopes to sell this picture of you, Rosel, and make a deal of money by it, so you mustn't refuse her."

It was as I had imagined possible—not only was Denise staying near me, but she was coming to my quiet mountain retreat. Why did she wish to earn money on the eve of marriage with a man of untold wealth?—this question allowed me no rest. Could my conclusions concerning her have been hasty and false? My first impulse was to leave Elman and avoid all chance of seeing Denise, but second thoughts prompted me to stay.

Once more I met face to face the woman who had been the light of my life, and had become, I believed, its curse; and I looked again deep into her magnificent eyes—far sadder eyes than when I had last studied them.

She answered my greeting with a cold surprise, but I fancied her first impulse had been to smile, but she had stifled it. In the quiet little garden the explanation which I ought to have asked for long ago took place. I had been a botheaded, impetuous fool, deceived by appearances and doubting the constancy of my darling, who was the purest soul out of heaven.

"No, I think I can never forgive you for deserting me when my need for a friend was greatest, after Uncle Edward's death," she said, in answer to my earnest pleading for mercy.

"But why in Heaven's name did you let that man kiss you, and put his arm round your waist, that night on the terrace?"

"Before Clarence Hershaw went to South Africa he married my cousin Louise, secretly—a mystery that the world knows now. I was their only confidante, and Clarence, on his return, before he could join his wife in St. Petersburg, had a world of questions to ask me. I knew our earnest conversation together might have the appearance of love-making, but I trusted you would not believe the silly gossip going on about us. I would be free to explain everything in twenty-four hours after Clarence's departure. But you, and you only, did not wait for the explanation. I kissed the dear boy as I bade him godspeed to join his wife, and I hope to have the pleasure of kissing him again before very long."

This was said with a half-defiant toss of her head which thawed a little my frozen heart. If her refusal to forgive me was so desperately earnest, she would not permit herself the shadow of a jest.

"But what did he mean by saying, 'What will Mallett say? Poor beggar, I pity him'? Good God, if you knew how those words burnt themselves into my brain!"



"Such innocent words, too. I had forgotten them. Clarence met your friend, Mr. Collins, in Paris, and heard that your picture had been refused."

"The paltry picture! Was that all he meant?" "That is all; and now I must beg to be allowed to begin my sketch without further interruption; Rosel is quite ready."

A thousand blessings on Rosel and the fidgety Mutzli! Much posing and many trials were required before a satisfactory picture could be obtained, and towards its tardy completion my darling forgave me.

"We must help Rosel, of course," she said, giving a few last strokes to the painting. "I can't bear to see her going about with that cloud upon her pretty face. I have a little money left from the wreck of my very modest fortune—enough to mend her broken heart, and a little to spare."

"With your permission I will borrow five hundred marks of you, Denise, and we will give it to Rosel for a wedding present."

"Yes, let us do it, by all means."

We staid in the mountains long enough to be present at Rosel's wedding, and to see her and the radiant Otto installed in their wing of the capacious brewery.

The following Christmas there was another wedding at the English church in Munich. Denise was the bonniest bride the sun ever shone on, and I, as bridegroom, cut a no sorrier figure than the majority of my sex do on such occasions.

#### THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN COLORADO.

THE first collision in the present trouble between the whites and the Utes under Colorow took place on Tuesday, August 9th, at Beaver Creek, Col. On that occasion Colorow and eighty of his warriors were surprised while in camp by the sheriff's posse sent against them. The skirmish which followed resulted in the wounding of four of the Indians and the flight of the whole band. The situation at that time was regarded as serious, and reports from the scene of the disturbance during the past two weeks have warranted the fear of an alarming Indian outbreak. On August 17th a dispatch was received at Denver, Col., to the effect that Sheriff Kendall and party, who had been in the saddle for eight days, fighting most of the time, had, when in the vicinity of Meeker, Col., been induced to listen to a talk from the redskins, a flag of truce having been brought forward by a young Ute on horseback. The proposition of the Indians was that if they were given fifteen days' time they would leave the White River country for their reservation in Eastern Utah. Sheriff Kendall accordingly agreed to a truce and "powwow," and withdrew to Meeker, bringing four of Colorow's Utes with him for council. The citizens of Meeker agreed to Colorow's demand for fifteen days' time to leave the country, and Sheriff Kendall provided an escort of two men to accompany the four Ute ambassadors on their return to Colorow. Beyond the settlement the four Utes turned upon the two white men with their knives, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which one of the white men was badly wounded. The Indians then ran away, and a party of Utes on a neighboring hill began firing on the two white men, who barely escaped with their lives to tell the story of the Indians' treachery in Meeker. Previous to this occurrence over three hundred women and children of ranchmen had fled from their homes within a radius of fifty miles of Meeker, and sought refuge in that town. The majority of the ranchmen themselves were still out on the plains, riding night and day, herding their cattle and hurrying them in from the White River range. The effect which this news had upon these comparatively helpless people may easily be imagined. Aid from the State troops stationed in Denver could not be expected for several days, and, while the women and children huddled together in the two hotels of the place, the one hundred and fifty men present armed themselves and prepared to defend the town against assault. The flight of a party of settlers is graphically portrayed in the picture on page 40. Scouts and sentinels were sent out into the adjacent country, who returned from time to time bringing news that large bands of Utes were near the town, and that an early attack might be expected. A wilder scene probably never before existed in a frontier town. At night, when the signal-fires of the Indians suddenly blazed up on the hills, the women crowded to places of safety with babies in their arms and children clinging to their skirts, and the men rushed about waking up the sleeping guards who were off duty. Later reports from Meeker state that the Indians have withdrawn to a considerable distance from the town, and the excitement and terror of the inhabitants have, in a measure, subsided. The illustration on our front page portrays an exciting episode which took place on the occasion of Sheriff Kendall's first visit to Colorow's camp with only a handful of white men. The sheriff ordered the Indians to throw down their rifles. This they did. Then he told them to throw their knives to the ground. The Utes reluctantly complied. "I'll cover them now, while you pick up their arms," said the sheriff to his followers. The Indians judged from this that they were about to be massacred, and attempted to defend themselves by seizing their rifles and firing upon the sheriff's men. This was the opening of the hostilities which followed, and which thus far have cost the State considerably over \$100,000. The situation at this writing can be summed up in a few words. A body of 350 men, including 236 State troops, are looking for Colorow and his band, who in some manner knows everything that is going on, and has established himself in a secure place in the mountains. Colorow has avoided the troops and scouts thus far, but it is believed that a meeting will occur, and that there will be fighting. The general belief is that the "scare" amongst the white settlers has been disproportionate to the amount of real danger.

#### THE "COLUMBIA" AND THE ICEBERG.

WHILE the extraordinary number of railway accidents during the past month has been enough to cause timid people to adopt almost any means of locomotion in preference to the cars, there have been simultaneously a number of painful reminders of the ever-present peril of the deep. One of these was the arrival in New York, a few days since, of the steamship *Columbia*, from the Mediterranean, with her stem missing, the iron plates of her bow broken and torn, and a

general look of demoralization about her forward parts. This was the result of an encounter with an iceberg, against which the *Columbia* ran, one dark, stormy night, on the east edge of the Banks of Newfoundland. "We ran into the iceberg," says Captain Mitchell, "striking with our starboard bow, then bounded off and hit her again. I should judge that the berg was two hundred feet high. Tons of overhanging ice were broken off by the shock of the collision, and fell upon the steamer's deck, smashing the port rail." A great panic ensued; but canvas was finally fastened over the broken bow, and the vessel came on safely to New York.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE BRITISH NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

We give this week an illustration of the impressive sham naval contest between the squadrons of Commodore Fitzroy and Admiral Baird during the recent British naval review. The attacking fleet, under Commodore Fitzroy, consisted of the ironclads *Edinburgh*, *Neptune*, *Devastation*, *Rupert* and *Shannon*, with the cruiser *Amphion*. The defending squadron, under Admiral Baird, was composed of the ironclads *Hercules*, *Ajax*, *Invincible*, *Hotspur* and *Belleisle*, with the cruisers *Mersey* and *Fearless*, and several torpedo-boats. The attacking squadron, passing up St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea, was to endeavor to attack some town on the English or Irish coast, and to lie off the town during ten hours of daylight, in which case the capture would be deemed complete. The defending squadron, in trying to prevent the carrying out of this plan, became engaged in several hot actions, which exhibited the manoeuvring and fighting qualities of the iron leviathans with impressive effect.

##### THE PHOONGYIS AND "CHINS" OF BURMAH.

In the Yau country, Upper Burmah, dwell a race of Buddhist devotees who live on the charity of their neighbors—and very substantial charity it is. On appointed days one may see the Phoongyis, as they are called, collecting from all sides, some walking, others driving in their neat little teak trotting-carts (shown in one of our illustrations), to get their share of good things. Each Phoongyi has his attendants—some of the boys from his school, who accompany him in his cart and look after his needs. Arriving at a hospitable mansion, the Phoongyi alights from his cart and receives the gifts of food, etc., which the host provides for him as a religious duty. This part of Burmah is a country only lately visited for the first time by Europeans, and consequently the people manifest great curiosity and astonishment at everything belonging to them. Another illustration shows a party of "Chins," a wild, uncivilized tribe who live in the hills, paying an afternoon visit to an English camp. These "Chins" are daring, bloodthirsty rascals, and are said to be continually robbing and murdering their more peaceable neighbors.

##### A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

Among her delightful sketches of Norwegian life and customs, Lady Brassey describes the scene depicted in this engraving—the wedding of a happy peasant couple, who are shown leaving the church where they have been married. Those who have read the English translation of that charming story, "Synnøvs Solbakken," by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, will sympathize with the feelings of domestic affection which are eminently pure and warm in the hearts of these people. Their manners and customs retain much that is characteristic. The dress of the women is to be noticed, with their bright-colored bodices, their large, snowy-white caps, and the queer little lapel or point behind.

##### ELECTRICITY AT LA SALPÊTRIÈRE.

Statistical electricity is now extensively employed, and with conspicuous success, in the treatment of patients at the great Paris hospital of La Salpêtrière. The affections treated at the clinics here belong mostly to the nervous class, or to that of diseases of nutrition. Our picture shows the "electric bath" at La Salpêtrière, the patients being seated in a row upon a series of insulated platforms, and connected with an electric battery. Local application is made at the same time, by means of "exciters" adapted to the purpose. This electro-pathic service, based upon the recent discoveries of such scientists as Bernard, Pasteur and Charcot, is remarkably efficacious, and its field of operation is continually widening.

##### A STATUE OF MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau is to have his statue, at Montargis, the town upon which borders the Commune of Bignon-Mirabeau, where the great tribune was born in 1749. The bronze statue, the work of M. Granet, is already completed. It represents the orator dressed in the fashion of his time, and standing erect, as if in the midst of one of those passionate outbursts which hushed and thrilled the Grande Assemblée.

##### SOMETHING ABOUT THE VANDERBILTS.

THE New York correspondent of the Chicago *News*, writing of the Vanderbilts, says: "The two eldest sons, Cornelius and William K., want to enter public life—try to imagine the Commodore or William H. harboring such a thought, if you care. They want to distinguish themselves among and for the people. But for the Henry George movement last year one or the other would have been nominated for Mayor by the Republicans; but the brothers had sense enough to see what an ugly fight that would make. Cornelius works harder than most very poor men. Like President Cleveland, he cannot leave details to subordinates. He is what you might call the head of finance of the Vanderbilt system, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Central and Harlem, and deep in responsibility on the other lines. He is forty years old and worth about \$75,000,000. When he was a boy his father got him a clerkship in the Shoe and Leather Bank. He refused a tour of Europe then because it would take him from his desk, and he is just as assiduous now; so much so that his friends fear he is hurting himself. Fancy a man worth \$75,000,000 killing himself with work! Queer world, isn't it?"

"William K. takes life much more easily and holds lighter offices. Still, he has his hands full and works every day, eleven months in the year, as most men would never dream of doing had they his enormous pile. He got a substantial training in his youth, also, as a clerk in the office of the Hudson River Railroad. Neither of these men has any vices or any hobby except that of attention to business. Both go straight home from their work, are true to their wives and fond of

their families, possess libraries that they enjoy, and encourage their wives to devote time and money to worthy charities. The younger brother, "Fred"—the third boy—is credited with being the smartest of them all. He is believed to have turned the twelve millions he started with into twenty millions, already. He seems to have inherited an uncommon share of the genius of the old Commodore. Fred revealed his talents before William H. died. Once when the old man came home from Europe he found that his boys had been up to the neck in Wall Street. William K. and Cornelius were all tangled up and were glad to interest their father and use his advice to make their losses as light as possible, but when the old man got round to Fred, that youth remarked: "Don't worry about me; I'm not in need of help." He had climbed in on the opposite side of the market. He is a sure enough Vanderbilt, though he is in debt to his mother for a fund of amiability that was not a striking trait with either his father or the Commodore. The wonder of the family, however, is young George, who is twenty-two years of age and of a literary turn. It is a little hard to believe that of a Vanderbilt, but George is distinctly a student and ambitious to produce literary work. He is to be pitied for his health, though, which is far from what it ought to be. He seems not to possess the Vanderbiltian faculty of acquiring large fractions of the earth, but he will never be poor. The Commodore left him a million and his father doubled it as his guardian. For one dollar his father deeded him the family property on Staten Island, and he is now the keeper of the family mausoleum as well."

#### HOW THEY TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "The Chinese Government officials have lines of wire from Shanghai to the north and south well established and in good working order. Since 1873 there has been a cable between Hong-Kong and Shanghai. Other lines are in working order. It requires about 7,000 characters to conduct the everyday ordinary transactions in Chinese mercantile affairs. A book containing these characters, numbered from 1 to 7,000, has been printed by the telegraph authorities, and if a man wants to send a message he simply wires numbers representing the characters, and the receiver marks down the number at his end of the line. Reference is made to the book, and the characters are ascertained. This system has been working for the past thirteen years, and has given great satisfaction to the Chinese."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SPOTS may be taken from gliding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure soft water. Dry with sawdust.

FIREBRICK is a new insulating material made from wood pulp, and is being used for storage cells and by various electrical concerns. It is said to give satisfaction.

THE *Chronique Industrielle* gives the following receipt for a polishing paste that will remove rust and not scratch the finest polished surface: Cyanide of potassium, sixteen grams; soap, fifteen grams; chalk, thirty grams; and water sufficient to make a thick paste.

INDIAN-HEMP, in doses night and morning of one-half grain, and increased, if need be, to a grain, and continued for some time, is spoken of by Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, lecturer on medicine at the London Hospital, as the most valuable remedy he has met with in the treatment of persistent headache.

AN insulating plate, which, while very thin and light, is absolutely impermeable to moisture and to air, may be made by taking two leaves of tin-foil coated with a thin layer of gutta percha solution (dissolved in benzine or carbon bisulphide) and placing them face to face, separated by a leaf of thin paper of close texture. This suggestion is due to M. Bandsept.

FROM a list by Prof. David S. Jordan, it appears that the marine fishes of the Pacific Coast of Mexico and Central America, from the Tropic of Cancer to Panama, comprise 407 known species, of which 71 species are also found on the Atlantic Coast. About 800 species are now known from the Caribbean Sea and adjacent shores. This gives about six per cent. of the whole number known as common to the two coasts. Such a percentage is no greater than the similarity of physical conditions on the two sides of the continent would lead us to expect, and gives no support to the view, based by Dr. Günther upon an assumption of a much larger proportion of common species, that the Isthmus of Panama was submerged at a comparatively recent date.

THE curious substance known as ozone, the nature of which was so long a mystery, and about which so many conflicting hypotheses have been devised, is now (says the *Lancet*) becoming well known to us. Ozone is a denser form of oxygen. Its specific gravity is 24, that of common oxygen being 16, and that of hydrogen 1. It is highly probable that its molecules contain three similar oxygen atoms. In the concentrated state it is a powerful irritant poison, and it is very unstable, decomposing with explosion and with evolution of heat, and exerting a most powerful action on oxidizable materials. For some time past it has been known that it liquefies under the influence of combined cold and pressure. The liquid is indigo-blue, and its vapor is a tolerably concentrated state has a color which can only be compared to that of an Italian sky. It is a very dangerous substance to work with.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 20TH.—In Rehoboth, Del., Colonel C. Rodney Layton, U. S. A., aged 61 years. August 21st.—At Longport, N. J., Professor N. A. Archer, of the University of Pennsylvania; in New York, Frederick Clinch, cousin of the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart, aged 74 years; in New York, Josiah P. Fitch, patent lawyer, aged 71 years. August 22d.—In Washington, D. C., Charles S. Macomber, of Buffalo, aged 60 years. August 23d.—In Charlestown, Mass., Rear-admiral Craven, U. S. N., of Washington, D. C., aged 80 years. August 25th.—In Sacramento, Cal., Matthew Cook, horticultural specialist, etc., aged 59 years; in Franconia, N. H., Augustus Lord Soule, a distinguished member of the Hampden County (Mass.) Bar, aged 60 years; in Woonsocket, R. I., Spencer Mowry, a well-known bank official, aged 85 years; in Washington, D. C., Eliza Howard Powers, the "Soldiers' Friend" during the war, aged 84 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE cattle-plague is ravaging the South Russian provinces.

A CIGARETTE-SMOKEE cannot obtain admission to the Naval or the Military Academy.

GENERAL TCHERNIAIEFF will succeed the late M. Katkoff in the editorship of the *Moscow Gazette*.

THE marriage of the Emperor of China has been postponed for two years, owing to the illness of the Emperor.

TEN THOUSAND tons of grapes are a fair estimate for this year's yield of the vineyards of the Keuka Lake region, New York State.

MUNKACSY and ANGELI, the Austrian artists, have been the first recipients of the Emperor's Order of Merit in art and science.

THE Grand Army of the Republic is said to be growing rapidly all over the country, the increase in the last quarter being stated at 12,000 members.

It is exultingly announced to the Democracy from Washington that the Administration is fast making a clean sweep of all Republican postmasters.

LAST week more than two hundred canoeists of the American Association were in camp on North Hero Island, in Lake Champlain, seven miles southwest of St. Albans.

It gives some idea of the vast crop of the Western States and Territories to hear that one farm—the Dalrymple farm in Dakota—pays \$20,000 for twine to bind its wheat in bundles.

A FLOATING exhibition of Spanish products will shortly leave Valencia, and will visit all the principal South American seaports with the object of opening up new markets for Spanish goods.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY will appeal from the recent decision of the General Term giving to the contestants of the will of the late Jennie McGraw-Fiske the amount in contest, which is about \$1,121,570.

HOP-PICKING has begun in the Mohawk Valley. The crop was never of a finer quality. Early hops have been sold at 25 cents a pound, and it is believed that 20 cents will be the ruling price for the general variety.

THE Spring wheat yield in Minnesota and Dakota is estimated at 80,000,000 bushels. Some sprouting of the grain has been caused in a few localities by continued rains, but most of the wheat is of good quality.

A NUMBER of Canadian sealers have been seized by a United States cruiser in the North Pacific. Commanders of the United States ships in the Alaska service have been ordered to seize all vessels found actually engaged in sealing in Behring Sea.

MR. F. A. COLLIER, of Chicago, in behalf of the Chicagoans of British birth and parentage, presented an address to Queen Victoria on August 22d in honor of her Jubilee. He was granted a personal audience, and received a gracious reply from Her Majesty.

THE recent unavailing of the statue of Cuauhtemoc, the last of the Aztec Emperors, in the City of Mexico, was attended by thousands of Indians, who showed their pride in their ancestors' patriotic struggles against the Spaniards by casting flowers in great profusion upon the pedestal.

TURKEY has refused to assent to Russia's proposals for coercive action towards Bulgaria. Well-informed persons state that the Russian Government does not intend to take further active steps in regard to Bulgaria, but will confine itself to efforts to prevent the legalization of Prince Ferdinand's proceedings.

THERE are days of speed. A letter written in London, England, July 9th, was received in an interior village in New York by the morning's mail of the 18th; the reply was written and mailed in the evening of the same day, and reached London on the evening of the 27th, thus making but 18 days between the writing of the letter and receiving the reply.

THE Socialists of New York city met in convention last week and denounced Henry George and the United Labor party for the election of the Socialist delegates from the late Syracuse convention. Resolutions were adopted calling for a conference of all organizations opposed to the Henry George ring, "to consider measures for rescuing the labor movement from the bonism of an ungrateful and narrow-minded theorist."

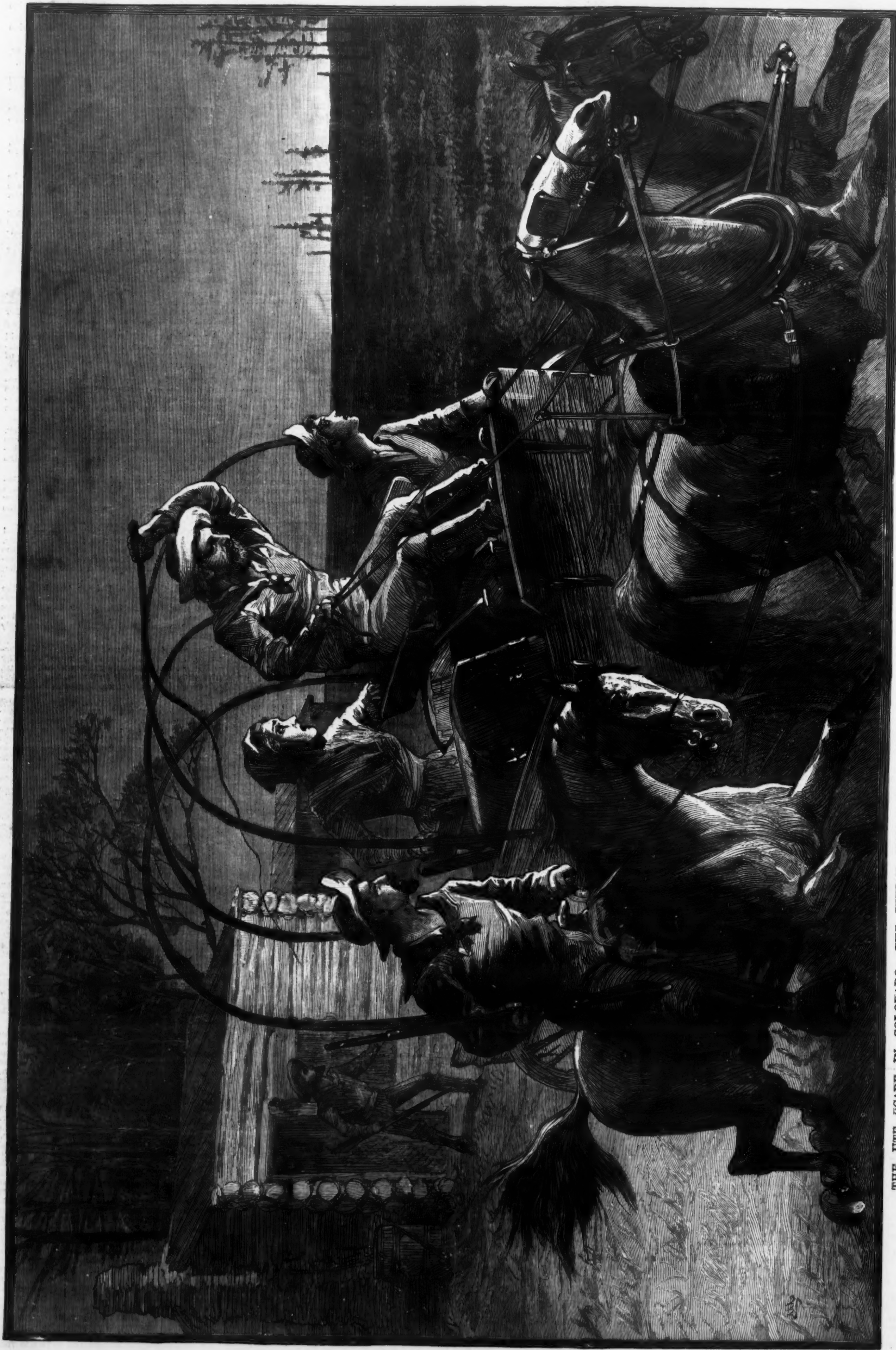
THE American Legion of Honor is growing rapidly. The Order, which is a mutual benefit insurance society, was instituted eight years ago, and now extends to every State and Territory in the Union, as well as to Canada and the Sandwich Islands. It is carrying a benefit insurance of \$183,000,000, and has collected and paid in the course of the last two years about \$4,000,000. The total membership is 62,000.

A JUBILEE representation of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was given on August 21st at Salzburg before an audience that included the musical celebrities of Germany and Austria. The performance marks the commencement of the "Don Juan" Centenary Jubilee which ends on the 29th of October, when just a century will have elapsed since the first production of that opera at Prague. Nearly all the great German opera houses will engage in this tribute to the great Salzburg master.

MRS. CROLY, better known as "Jennie June," is President of the Women's Endowment Castle Company, lately incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. The capital stock is \$1,500,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$500 each. Every share represents a certain number of cattle, which are to be kept breeding for six years, and a proportionate interest in ranch properties. The company controls about 2,000,000 acres of pasture land in New Mexico, and has 6,000 head of cattle on its ranch. It is designed as an endowment investment for children.

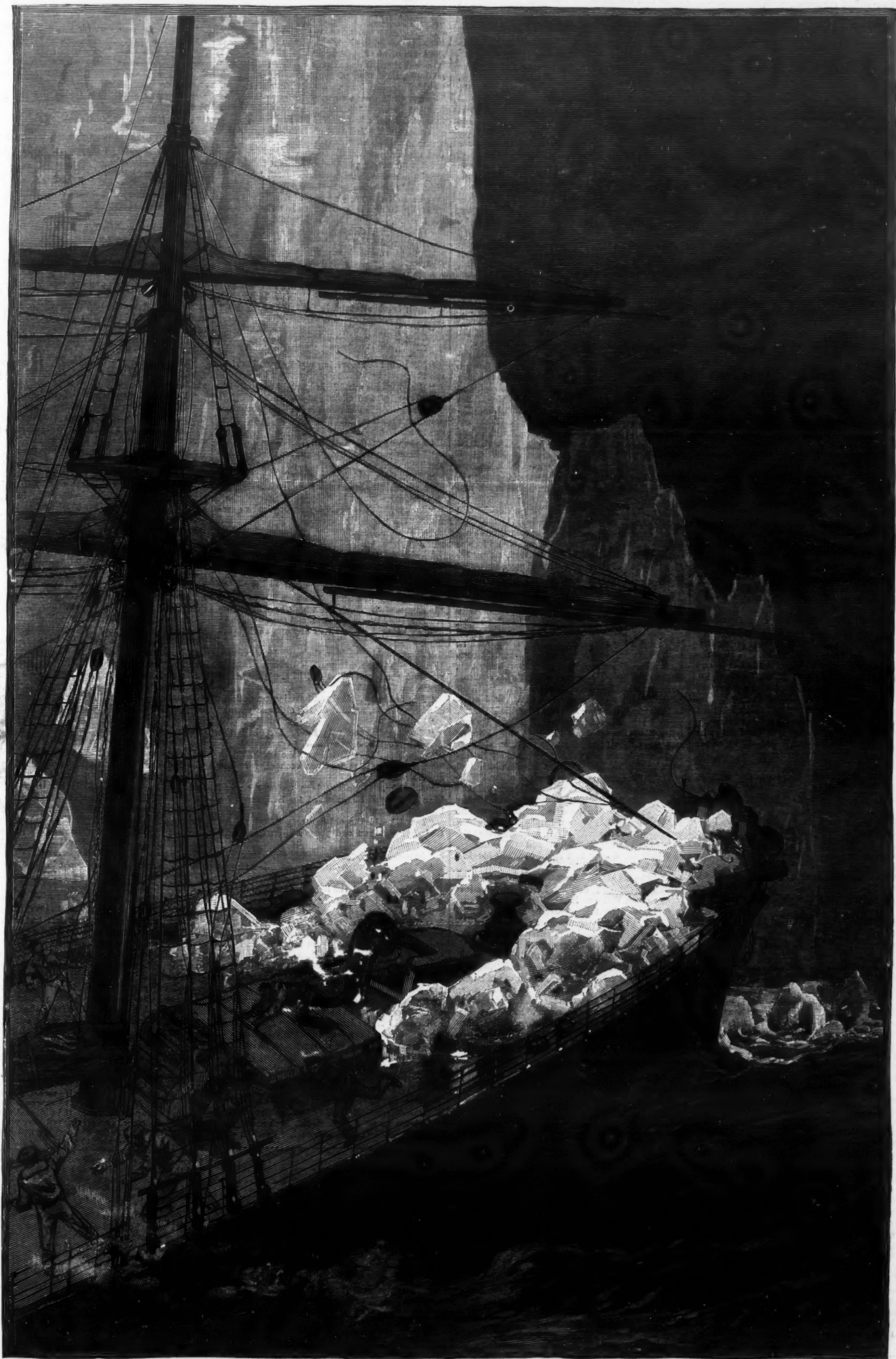
A MONSTER meeting to denounce the course of the Government in proclaiming the Irish National League was held in the Dublin Rotunda on the 23d inst. There were also two overflow meetings, and there was great enthusiasm among those in attendance. Several English and Scotch Members of Parliament were present. Professor Galbraith, a Protestant, moved a resolution denouncing the edict against the League, which was unanimously carried. The English Members of Parliament present advised Irishmen to be calm, and to refrain from collision with the law. The demonstration is considered important, as giving the seal to the union of the British and Irish democrats.





THE UTE SCARE IN COLORADO.—THE INDIAN SIGNAL FIRE—SETTLERS ABANDONING THEIR RANCHES AND FLYING TO MEEKER FOR SAFETY.  
SEE PAGE 99.





THE PERILS OF ATLANTIC NAVIGATION.—THE STEAMSHIP "COLUMBIA'S" ENCOUNTER WITH AN ENORMOUS ICEBERG OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE SHIP.—SEE PAGE 39.



## HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER V.—THE STORY OF THE QUARREL.

DR. THOMAS GIRTON took the advice of the nurse, and went to bed. He did more—he went to sleep. Further, he slept soundly. I think he would have done none of these things had he known all that we know—how the nurse was poisoning the mind of his sick friend against him, very much as the wretch would have poisoned the physical nature of his friend if he had found circumstances making it necessary or convenient, cruelly—relentlessly—devilishly.

And I am sure he would not have gone to his bed if he had known one or two other things we do not know yet—who was coming to him as fast as steam could drag the flying train, for one thing. Paul Walldon's mother?

No; not Paul Walldon's mother.

She was coming, to be sure; coming with her heart full of love and yearning for the man who had been to her no more than a boy through all these years, the man who would be no more than a boy to her as long as she should live—a boy and a memory—a man only in half-incredulous dreams of hope and imagination. She was coming. But Girton knew that. I do not mean her.

I mean another individual, who was coming by the same train as Mrs. Walldon, although he had never seen her, never heard of her. I mean a man who only happened, incidentally, to come into this story of Paul Walldon and his friends and foes, but who is destined to be one of the most important characters in it. I mean a man Thomas Girton had sent for, a man whose coming he had anxiously expected and awaited; but I mean a man for whose coming the doctor was no more looking than he was for the coming of the end of the world and the judgment.

A terrible shadow was falling upon the home of Girton, a shadow cast by the light of some of the unremembered days of Paul Walldon's missing years. There were dark days coming—coming for him and his—and he did not know it. He did not guess it. He slept.

"Do you think you could write?" asked the nurse.

"I think so," replied Paul Walldon; "why do you ask?"

"I was thinking it might be as well to leave some message, some word, some—"

"But I am not going away without seeing Girton again. I have not injured him. I have nothing in my conduct to regret. He is the one who should regret the past of our boyhood, he, and not I. I shall not slip away like a coward or a thankless ingrate. I shall—"

"Certainly," said the nurse; "I think I did not quite understand. I agree with you, of course."

But he stood with his back to the light as he spoke, and there was a decidedly bad look on his half-averted face.

I am glad you do agree with me," said the sick man, slowly; "it is much better that one's friends should agree with him."

"Especially when one is helpless," said the nurse, with a smile. And "Especially when one is in their power," thought the nurse, with an unspoken oath.

And Paul Walldon said "Yes," though whether he meant affirmation of his new-found friend's words only, or of the unuttered idea he ought to have been acute enough to read in that individual's face, I cannot say.

"And now," added the nurse, quietly, "you really must sleep."

"Thank you; I think I should. Mother is coming, and—"

"And you must needs be strong for her coming."

The nurse smiled. He put the sleeping-potion to Walldon's lips. In five minutes the sick man was sound asleep.

Then the nurse smiled again. Somehow this smile was different from that which shone upon his face a little while before. It was much as though a devil, tired of playing an angel's part, had joyously laid aside his mask.

"It is lucky," said the nurse, "that I am quite a fair penman myself, since something has to be written, and my friend Walldon won't write it. I don't suppose either Girton on the one hand, or the fellow's mother on the other, would be willing to swear to his writing. So, I'll risk it, and risk little. I must remember, though, that his name is—is—what is it he does call himself now? Oh, yes, Paul—Paul Walldon; I mustn't forget that. It would be very awkward to sign the name he's been known by for almost twenty years to the document he'll leave behind him when he goes away from here. I suppose his affectionate friend and his heart-broken mother will believe he wrote it himself."

He wrote a letter of considerable length, writing rapidly, and smiled and grimaced to himself as he did it.

"There," he said to himself, when he had finished it, "I fancy that will do, unless—unless—curse it all, I have put the other name at the bottom!"

Then he burned the letter, and more slowly and laboriously wrote another.

"This is better," he whispered, "much better. And I have the right name at the bottom this time. It was lucky that I wrote just as I did. I always was lucky, only just a little less than Mr.—Mr.—than Mr. Paul Walldon. I never shall be unlucky, I suppose, until everything is done for me and mine for ever—not unless those who think there's another world beyond this should prove to be wiser than the fools I think they are."

He laid the letter on the table.

Then he went down-stairs, out of doors, and on to the street.

Evidently he was in a hurry; evidently he was busy. Certainly he was not gone from his sleeping-chamber's side for a very long time. And certainly he said nothing mean or malicious to himself while he was gone—which is, of course, equivalent to saying that he did not give the emphasis and dignity of speech to the personal thoughts he had. To all of which we might add that what he said to any one, during that short absence, was brief, business-like, and quite to the point. It was much later, more than an hour after his return from this little leave of absence, private and self-granted, that he found leisure to pause on the sidewalk, raise his hand towards the sky, and say with slow savageness: "Curse you, Paul Walldon! Curse you, the mother who gave him life! Curse you, Dr. Thomas Girton; yes, curse you most of all! Because you have presumed to be his friend, because you have dared restore him to life, because you have planned for his happiness, I curse you; and I will never forget you, nor forgive you, nor leave you undisturbed—not until the grave closes over one or the other of us, and not then if there is anything beyond the grave and any way for the dead to harm the living or the living the dead!"

It was almost morning when the door-bell of the Girton residence rang.

The doctor did not hear it. He had heard nothing for hours. One might have torn down a house next door, or have carried half his heavy furniture from his own house into the street, and he would have slept on all the same. He did not dream. Nothing from the past haunted him. Nothing from the future daunted him. I am not sure he was not a fortunate man, after all; for I am not sure that he could have kept Fate's flood from his life if he had remained awake. There are some things so seemingly inevitable that one might almost as well seek in slumber the strength to endure them, as to remain awake to watch and to pray.

And yet, Dr. Girton awoke very suddenly, and because of a very slight noise, only a few moments after his door-bell rang. It was a low, faint rap on the panel of the bedroom-door. And he was out of bed, wide awake, half dressed, almost before the echo of the light blow had ceased to sound in the hall.

Explain it! Easily! My explanation is the one word *Habit*! That knock had been calling Girton from his rest, in order that he might minister to the needs of afflicted humanity, night after night, week after week, month after month, for years. You might have broken his door down, and he would have still slept on; fierce winds might have torn his roof away, and he not have known it; but one rattle of his servant's light fingers on his door was enough—more than enough. "I think he would rise up in his coffin, if I knocked on it in that way," the man had sometimes said. And, when I remember how strong *Habit* is, I don't quite like to write down in black and white the statement that he wouldn't. I am willing to say that I should not want to be the one to try the experiment. The cause of the knock which had aroused Dr. Girton was the arrival of Paul Walldon's mother. The doctor hurried down-stairs to see her. He had ordered the servant to show her into the parlor, when she should arrive, though he usually saw all his visitors in the library, which was one floor above. You will remember that the sick-room of Paul Walldon opened off the library, and that the doctor had spent much of his time there since the morning when Paul had been brought to his house. Perhaps that arrangement of the rooms had decided Dr. Girton against meeting Mrs. Walldon in the library, for he must have known the tide of strong affection which would flow through the mother's heart when she was near her boy again. Perhaps he feared she might hear him groan or mutter in his sleep, or toss uneasily on his couch, and that she might straightway rush in and do or say something which would give his friend a shock which would be unsafe for him. Perhaps he feared that Paul's sharp ears would hear his mother's voice, and that he would cry out for her to come to him before she had been properly prepared for the meeting. Perhaps, if that last possibility I have just written was a true index of the young doctor's feelings, he was not quite so sure of the effects of the opiate he had left for his patient as he should have been; it is so easy for a man to let fear outweigh knowledge and experience. Perhaps—

He did not meet Mrs. Walldon in the library. He did go down to the parlor to see her. He went past the door of Walldon's room on tiptoe, though he knew that nothing could awaken the sleeping man for some hours yet. He did not pause. He did not look in. Perhaps it was fate.

Mrs. Walldon arose as he opened the door, and almost ran down the length of the dimly lighted room to meet him. She was very old, very gray, very feeble. There was a drawn and strained look upon her face, and she seemed very, very weary. But there was a fierce flame in her eyes which told the story of the deathlessness of a mother's love, and showed that her hot heart had melted the ice of age and driven away the frost of long silence and possible neglect.

She moved rapidly. Every motion was full of a feverish grace. Her last years were burning themselves to ashes in the newly kindled fires on the altar of her heart. I do not wonder that Thomas Girton caught his breath painfully as she sprang forward to meet him, her cry at once a plea and a question—"My boy! my boy!"

Thomas Girton laid his finger upon his lips, not so much for silence as to gain time. Not so much for silence, for he knew that if a man lying in the room above them had drunk the potion he had mixed for him, that he would not gain consciousness, under any circumstances whatever, for a

long time yet. Not so much for silence, as to give him time to look into the face of Paul Walldon's mother, thanking God that he had been wise enough to plan a story which should be as safe for her as it was false. Never had he so fully realized the truth of what he had told Paul as he did when he stood there facing Paul's mother; there was no doubt, no shadow of doubt, possible—the truth would have killed her. And so, knowing that, Thomas Girton went forward to lie to her, went forward to stain his manly soul with the sin of falsehood for the first time in his life, went in forgetfulness of the fact that sin is sin—despite sin's seeming safety, went unremembering the truth that circumstance and occasion are never valid excuses for wrong, went as though his life had not taught him that there is greater danger in stepping aside from the path of duty than there can ever be in following that path. Gladly, eagerly, earnestly, he met this woman, to lie to her regarding her son, because the truth would have slain her; he forgot, shortsighted mortal, that a lie might do worse!

His fingers on his lips partially quieted the woman.

"My boy! my boy!" she said again, and with an eager intensity of expression. But she had moderated her tone. She spoke in a whisper.

"Your boy is all right, in the room above this," replied the doctor.

"Alive?"

"Alive."

"Well?"

"Not well, but recovering rapidly from his sickness."

"His—his—his mind? Is he right mentally?"

"Perfectly," lied Girton, saying that he did it for her good. He had never loved Paul more than he did at that moment. His heart had never gone out to Paul's mother as it did then.

"I am very glad. I—I had feared—"

"I know you did. But your fears were groundless."

"Why, then, did he go away? Why has he kept silence all these years?"

"He had a quarrel!"

"A quarrel? My peace-loving boy had a quarrel? With whom?"

"With me."

"Regarding what?"

"I—I cannot tell. Perhaps he can. Ask him."

"I will. Why have you never spoken in all these years?"

Girton's face flushed, then paled painfully. It was a terrible question. The man began to see the nature of the road into which he had deliberately taken his way. But he met the question as well as he could, as well as any one could, perhaps.

"What would have been the use? He was gone, I knew not where. It would only have troubled you, and the others who loved him. What would have been the good?"

"I do not know. And you have known nothing of where he was, nothing during all these years?"

"Nothing."

"He might have returned? You had not harmed nor threatened him?"

"Ask him. He will tell you the truth."

"I will. You have forgiven each other? You are friends again?"

"Ask him. Is he not here under my roof? have I not loved him, worked for him, cared for him. Ask him."

"I will," said the old woman; "I will. May God deal with you and yours as you have dealt with my son."

"Amen!" said Dr. Thomas Girton, solemnly.

And then—just then—there was another ring at the door-bell.

The doctor asked the lady to excuse him. He answered the bell himself.

The man who had journeyed on the train with Mrs. Walldon, the man who had been sent for by Dr. Girton, but who was utterly unlooked for and unexpected, had come at last. He had had more inquiries to make, perhaps, than Mrs. Walldon had; he had been less swift, perhaps, than her mother-heart had compelled her to be; there had been some minutes of delay—not many—just enough to allow Girton to bind his own pure soul, and deliver it helpless to his enemies; but now he had come. He had come into the lives of those we have met and are yet to meet in this history of as strange a case as you ever heard of; he had come into Paul Walldon's pathetic story; he was waiting, ready to take his prominent part in this dreadful drama, on the threshold of the home of Thomas Girton. Dimly seen, he reached out his hand in the darkness; not to take that of the doctor—oh, no! He held out a slip of pasteboard for Girton to take. The doctor took it and read it. The name was not a beautiful one. It was

JOHN TRADD.

"I don't quite understand," said the doctor, looking at the man suspiciously; "what do you want?"

The man answered the doctor's question by asking another.

"You are Thomas Girton, are you not?"

"I am."

"Then you sent for me."

"Pardon me, but you are mistaken. I did not send for you. It must have been some one else."

"But I know you did."

"Well; we won't waste words."

He looked doubtfully at the card again, and suspiciously at the man once more.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Tradd?" he asked.

"Do I wish to see Mr. Tradd?" repeated the man at the door, looking at the doctor as though he had doubts regarding his sobriety or his sanity;

"do I wish to see Mr. Tradd? I am Mr. Tradd!"

"You—are—Mr.—Tradd?" stammered the doctor, drawing back a step or two, and looking like a man almost ready to call for help.

"Certainly. You sent for me, didn't you?"

"I sent for Mr. Tradd."

"Some time since?"

"I—I don't know that you've any right to ask me such a question. But I'll answer it. It was some time since; it was long ago."

"I thought so, though I only got the letter yesterday."

"Yesterday? You got the letter? My dear sir, I—"

"Wait a little. Are you in the habit of sending letters with the day of the week given in place of the month and date?"

"Sometimes, I think."

"Exactly; that was the way you dated the letter you sent me. So I wasn't sure the letter had been delayed, though I thought it had been, and—"

"But—my man—Mr. Tradd has been an inmate of my house for weeks."

"Has he?"

"Yes. He has nursed a man back from the very gates of death to the pleasant places of convalescence. He has done everything, and—"

"Has he?"

"I said so," said Girton, sharply, "and I'm not in the habit of talking at random. So you see, unless—"

"I see—unless—" said the stranger, with a smile.

"Unless there are two Tradds," said Girton.

"There are not two Tradds," replied the man at the door.

"You must be an impostor," continued Girton.

"Or the man up-stairs must be," assented the other; "I say, Dr. Girton, we are neglecting our sick man, whoever he may be. Will you send your servant for an officer? I could almost take oath that your letter to me was tampered with. Let us go up-stairs and have a look at—at the other Tradd—and hear what he has to say for himself."

"And let me go too," said a pathetic and passion-filled voice in the darkness of the hall; "let me go with you. Oh, my boy! my boy!"

It was Mrs. Walldon. She had followed Girton into the hall. She had heard all.

"But, Mrs. Walldon," began Girton, "this man—"

"Is speaking the truth," interrupted the woman; "let me see the other man. Let me hear him speak. Let me look upon the sleeping face of my boy. Let me be near to guard him from danger. Let me go with you."

Girton bowed his head. Together, the three of them went up the stairs. Together, they paused at the door of the room where Walldon had fought out his battle between life and death. Then Girton opened the door.

The room was dark and silent as a tomb.

Girton struck a match.

Even before he found his way to either the night lamp or a gas jet they all saw the terrible, unaccountable, paralyzing truth. The room was empty of others than themselves. The nurse and Paul Walldon were gone!

In one corner of the room was a wig. The man who had called himself John Tradd in the weeks he had spent in attendance upon Paul Walldon, had worn it. The man to be hunted for, advertised for, followed to the ends of the earth if need be, the man who had silently, but boldly and successfully, kidnapped Paul Walldon, was as unknown in appearance to Thomas Girton, now, as he was in name since the real John Tradd had actually put in his tardy appearance.

The two men stood and looked at one another. Neither could speak. Though, if they could have done so, what was there to say?

But the woman raved up and down the room, her wild eyes seeming to take in everything, her wild cries of anguish for her dear lost boy seeming little short of madness.

Suddenly she saw a folded paper. She caught it up and opened it. It was not addressed to her, to be sure, but neither was it addressed to any one else; I think, though, that she would have opened any paper she had found in that room, no matter whose name had been written upon it.

She opened the paper. She faced the two men. In a voice which did not lack vigor, she read it through aloud:

"I loved a little girl, loved her as a boy loves. But the love had in it the germ of the earnest love of manhood."

"Thomas Girton loved her too. We quarreled about her. He struck me down, that night I disappeared. He meant worse. He threatened worse. At first I did not dare to return. Later, I dreaded what would be said if I did, and was half ashamed to come, and so delayed and procrastinated. Then, when he married the girl I had so cared for, I did not wish to come."

"Fate has thrown me in this man's way again. I was sick—so sick that I could express no wish—and they let this man care for me under his own roof; they let him do it, and he dared to do it."

"I am better now, and I know the truth. I hate Thomas Girton; I despise him; I loathe him. I will not eat his food or take his medicine any longer, partly because I dare not. He is a coward—a traitor. I should die if I had to breathe the same air or look upon the same scenes as he does."

"So I go. So I leave my curse for him. And let none who have ever loved me look to see me again or hear from me again—not until he is dead."

"PAUL WALLDON."

Thomas Girton and John Tradd looked at one another as the woman finished. Instinctively, they both knew the truth. In a flash they saw that the man who had stolen Tradd's name had written this lying letter. No matter how much more either of them knew or guessed—or how much less; no matter how much of danger either one of them foresaw or feared; no matter how much or how little either one knew of the thoughts or motives or beliefs of the other. As by a sudden letting in of a flood of light upon a sea of darkness, thus much they knew.



"The scoundrel! the infamous scoundrel!" cried John Tradd.

Mrs. Walldon heard the words. She saw the face of Tradd turned towards Gorton. Full of belief in the truth of what she had read, she misunderstood the application of Tradd's words.

But she echoed them. And she made her own application of them.

"The scoundrel! the infamous scoundrel!" she said, her long lean arm stretched out towards Gorton, and her bony forefinger quivering and shaking with the intensity of her passion. She seemed to grow taller, stronger. Her eyes seemed to blaze, as though they would blight and wither all on whom her glances fell.

And then—  
The light in her eyes went slowly out, as you may have seen the mists of night put out the stars. Her arm wavered; her hand sank lower and lower; she no longer pointed at Gorton; and, though she did not turn away her head, her eyes did not seem to look at anything—or, if they did, it was at something beyond this world. Her face grew dusky—like the dust-strewn highways of the hot and dry summer-time; it grew gray—like the feathery ashes on burned-out fires; it grew white, like the virgin snows of Winter; it faded, faded, faded, *faded*—like marble with moonlight falling along it.

She tottered, staggered, stumbled, fell, and—  
and they were too late to catch and help her.

Prone she lay, a long, gaunt figure of heart-broken grief and baffled vengeance.

The two men bent down above her, the woman between them. Each was eager. Both were hurried in every movement.

For some minutes neither spoke. Then they raised their eyes and looked at each other.

"Dead?" asked Gorton. He had no hope in his tones.

"Dead!" said Tradd, his voice containing nothing like doubt or question.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE Sandwich, or, as the natives prefer to name them, *Hawaiian* Islands, have always been regarded with interest by Americans, from the fact that the people were brought from a heathen state to civilization and Christianity by the labors of our countrymen.

It is about a hundred years since this island group was discovered by the English navigator Captain Cook, in his voyage from the Society Islands, in the South Pacific, to the coasts of Oregon and Alaska. There are thirteen islands, but all are not inhabited, and only five or six are of sufficient size or value to merit attention. The largest and most southerly is Hawaii, which is more than a hundred miles long, and very rocky and uneven in its surface. Two large volcanoes in the interior are among the celebrated mountains of the world. The chief city, Honolulu, on the south side of Oahu, is the capital of this island kingdom, and, as it is a good port for foreign vessels, has a busy population of sixteen thousand.

When the noted Captain Cook brought his vessels, the *Resolute* and the *Discovery*, to anchor in a beautiful bay of Hawaii, in February, 1779, there was in the crowd of natives on the shore a boy who afterwards became a famous warrior, capturing with his little army most of the other islands; and as his exploits occurred about the time of the wars of the great Napoleon, he received from the sailors of Pacific whaling-vessels the name of "Napoleon of the Pacific." His name was Kamehameha, and there were natives living a few years ago who remembered seeing the brave King, and who were fond of recounting his exploits. A few years since the Hawaiians determined to honor their great warrior by a colossal bronze monument. The statue, modeled and cast in Germany, was sent in a sailing-vessel to the islands, but unfortunately the ship was wrecked when near the end of the voyage, and the monument, with the rest of the cargo, was lost. It was, however, recovered, with the loss of the uplifted arm, and sent back to Germany, where it was not only repaired, but another statue was cast from the same molds, and both were safely received at their destination. One was erected on a high bluff, in the District of Kohala, on the northern coast of Hawaii, where the King began his conquests; and the other, gilded and colored in a wonderful manner, was placed on Court-house Square, in Honolulu. The statue on the bluff was photographed by an American artist, who, in his intercourse with the natives, heard from them the following version of the story of Cook's death, as they received it from their ancestors:

When the ships made the second visit to the islands, in 1779, the natives had learned the invaluable use of iron, and to obtain it, allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved. One night an islander carried off a ship's boat, in order to obtain the iron and copper fastenings. This being discovered in the morning, Captain Cook sought redress by attempting to secure on board of his vessel several chiefs as hostages, Kamehameha, the boy chief, being among them. The commander was on shore, conducting a conference, in no gentle spirit, concerning his loss, when he observed a heated dispute was in progress between his marines at the boats and the crowd of excited natives. Seeing that violence was threatened, Cook stepped towards his men to stop the brawl, when one of the chiefs, thinking that he intended to escape to the ship and carry away their chief men, sprang behind him, and with a blow from a knife the unfortunate man was slain. Four sailors, also, lost their lives in the contest, and seventeen of the islanders were killed. As the boats escaped to the ships for help, the body of the dead commander was carried inland to a high bluff, and offered in sacrifice to the idol gods; some of the bones were buried, and the remainder returned to the ship.

Kamehameha was too young to take a prominent part in the exciting and sanguinary scenes attending the death of Captain Cook, but eight or ten years afterwards he became famous for his talent in war. Upon the death of his uncle, Kalanikoupe, Chief of the Island, he inherited the position of Chief of North Hawaii. Being a young man of great energy and courage, he soon brought under submission all of the remaining tribes of the large island; yet, not being satisfied with this, he directed his forces against the important islands of Maui, Kanai and Oahu, and conquering them, brought the distinct and hostile factions under one power, and thus made it possible to follow the

occupations of peace. The conclusion of active hostilities, in 1795, left the fierce warrior no more island worlds to conquer, and from this period to his death, in 1819, there were no great uprisings against his authority.

The islanders were, however, so accustomed to the brutal excitement of battles, that they were slow in learning the occupations of peace. They were a brave, active, athletic race, the most expert swimmers and divers in the world, and adepts in fishing and the management of boats. The surf around the islands rises thirty or forty feet after a severe trade-wind; and the natives were wont to play with these breakers like ducks, mounting them and falling with the crest, or diving through them like fish. With such a people, it is no wonder that the King found the cares of peace were quite equal to the burdens of war. The frequency in arrivals of ships soon, however, created a demand for supplies of meat and vegetables, and the aromatic sandal-wood in the interior forests was in great request for the Chinese market. The influence of trade soon diverted the natives from their internal quarrels, and there was a gradual improvement in public affairs until the death of the King.

The year 1820 witnessed the advent of missionaries from New England. From that time to the present the islanders have, under several sovereigns, maintained their independence and advanced in the arts of peace and civilization. Agriculture is the principal pursuit of the people; sugar and rice being the great staples of export. Many families from the United States are now settled on the islands, engaged in sugar-farming; the crude sugar being sent to San Francisco for refining and shipment to the Eastern States. The laborers on these plantations are mostly Chinese, and all races live together in amity and peace.

The present King, Kalakaua, born in 1836, is descended in the direct line of native sovereigns, and succeeded to the throne in 1874. He is reputed to be self-indulgent, and indolent in labor necessary for the security and prosperity of his realm. The late political disturbances, resulting in a surrender of most of his authority, have brought his transactions more into public view. His queen, Kapiolani, lately the popular and respected guest of our cities, is a woman of versatile and ready powers.

The Hawaiian Kingdom has no army or navy, but depends on a constabulary or police force of about a hundred men for exigencies of internal disorder. The islands have good roads, excellent public schools, and a Legislature elected by popular vote; the right of suffrage being equally enjoyed by native and foreign-born residents. Railroads, telegraph and telephone lines connect the principal parts of trade, and several steam-packets make regular trips between the islands.

The churches of the islands are nearly all Protestant, and number about sixty, the King being an attendant on the English Episcopal service. The larger part of the religious organizations are formed on the plan introduced more than sixty years ago by the first missionaries from New England, and have not only for the last thirty years ceased to receive financial aid from this country, but have sent their own missionaries to assist in the work of the American Board of Commissioners for Missions in the Caroline group of islands on the Equator in the Pacific Ocean.

#### THE AMERICAN PARTY.

THE evils and dangers of unrestricted immigration are likely to lead up to the organization of an American party like that which was for a time a prominent factor in the politics of the country. Indeed, a movement looking to the initiation of a party having as its main idea the restriction of immigration is already on foot, and will, it is said, take definite shape during September, when a convention will be held in Philadelphia for the purpose of adopting a national platform and taking steps to organize the States, counties and towns, and prepare for a convention in July next, at which candidates for the national ticket will be placed in the field. There is no doubt that such a movement will command a considerable support. The views of the projectors of the movement are thus stated by one of them in the *Philadelphia Record*: "We are in favor of restricting, not preventing, immigration. The universal feeling is that the Government should place a direct tax upon every foreigner who wishes to become a citizen of the United States. We feel that if it be right to tax foreign merchandise for the protection of American industries, it is equally right to protect American labor by placing a tax upon the foreign equivalent. Mr. Powderly himself believes that foreigners who come here should have funds enough to pay their board for five years after they have landed, so that they might not become dependents upon this Government."

"We believe that foreigners should live here twenty-one years, the same as Americans do, in order to obtain the right of suffrage. American land ought to be held exclusively by American citizens. By our present system we open up the possibilities of a few foreigners who have capital becoming the possessors of such vast tracts of land that they may at no distant date own the greater part of the West."

"The movement, it is claimed, took shape six years ago, and embraces the energy of organizations which have been kept alive since the days of Know-nothingism. While it really dates back to that time, we have pruned the tree of all obnoxious branches, and have organized on a purely patriotic American basis. Under different names organizations have been brought into existence numbering now about 1,600,000 native-born Americans. Our organization has branches in thirty-six States, and we expect delegates from them to a convention to be held in Philadelphia on the 16th and 17th of September."

#### THE KING OF ROSE-GROWERS.

IN its report of the proceedings of the American Society of Florists the *Chicago News* of August 17th had this: "During the afternoon a distinguished visitor was introduced, and greeted with the warmest applause. He was a round little gentleman with a skin so clear and pink and white, such mild, honest blue eyes, that he carried with him a wholesome sweetness as if life were passed in a garden of roses. He wore a straight fringe of iron-gray whiskers on each cheek, and smiled when he talked. He twisted about, too, much like a schoolboy, and seemed greatly surprised at the honor conferred upon him. He was Mr. Henry Bennett, of Shefferton, London, England, the greatest rose-producer in the world, who produced the famous rose that is named after him. 'I have not much to say,' the gentleman began, as he stepped upon the platform, 'and not much voice to speak that little in. Everything

I know about rose-culture I told long ago and so often that everybody knows it. But I do want to say—to say—to say—'And here the pink-cheeked old man's voice began to tremble, his chin to quiver, and he rubbed the back of his hand over his eyes. 'I want to tell you that I am so pleased and gratified at the way I have been received in this my first visit across the Atlantic. I didn't know the people over here would be so very kind to me, and that they knew so much about me. I want to express my appreciation of this unexpected honor.' Here the soft-voiced gentleman's speech stopped. Adown each cheek a big tear rolled, and he went to his seat wiping his eyes, while the large assembly broke into a torrent of cheers."

#### MUSICIANS IN NEW YORK.

THE *Tribune* says: "New York contains about 300 orchestral players capable of taking part in musical performances of the highest class. Mr. Thomas's orchestra at the festival in the 7th Regiment Armory in 1882 contained 300 players, and Dr. Damrosch's of the year previous 250. In both cases musicians were brought from other cities, because it was, of course, impossible to command the services of all the capable players in New York for these monster occasions; but there are the number mentioned of good orchestral musicians in the city. Counting all the members of military bands, theatrical orchestras, makers of dance music, and others in humbler walks of the art, the musical population foots up over 3,000. It is doubtful whether any city in the world contains so many musicians as New York, or pays the better class of them so well. Many make sufficient money during the regular season of nine months, from September to June, to enable them to devote the Summer to rest and relaxation. Dozens of the leading players go to Germany in the Summer to revisit their old homes, for the vast majority of the professional musicians of America are Germans by birth. Native-born Americans have not as yet come to look upon music as a means of livelihood."

#### HEAVY BETTING IN ENGLAND.

MR. EDMUND YATES, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, says that "betting on the turf has been far heavier during the present season than at any former period. The career of one sensational, startling-price speculator, who thought nothing of having £10,000 on a supposed certainty, was cut short at Ascot, where another bold dasher lost £15,000, and settled with a check for that amount on the following Monday, but has since retired. Far more sensational has been the betting of another young plunger. During the past fortnight at Goodwood he lost £15,000 at racing, and the same amount at Brighton at pigeon-shooting, his chief creditor—for £8,000—at the latter game being a notorious member of the bookmaking fraternity, who did not possess so many shillings a few years ago. On the first day of the Brighton meeting, when every first favorite lost, the plunger had a bad day, but he won £15,600. These few illustrations will sufficiently bear out the statement respecting the unparalleled character of wagering at the present moment."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

IN Chicago, a few days ago, a Mr. Halter married Miss Rope, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. Mr. Knott.

THE new one-thousand-mile tickets on the Erie Railway are nine feet long, and the conductors declare them a nuisance.

THE famous Dismal Swamp is no longer used as a shelter for runaway negro-slaves, of course, but it is believed to be the hiding-place of at least 100 white men who, for various reasons, want to retire to private life for a spell.

PERHAPS one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna, in the Comoro group. The Sultan boards any ship that may call there, and endeavors to secure the washing for his wives, while the Prime Minister peddles coconuts and bananas.

THE agreement by which for forty years England and Prussia have united in maintaining a Protestant Bishop at Jerusalem is now definitely dissolved, and the English and Lutheran colonies in that locality will hereafter be separately organized. The English Bishop writes a letter to the Press begging for money to carry on the work, a curious feature of which is the statement that during the past few years the number of Jews in Palestine has increased from 15,000 to 42,000. The Bishop adds that they are very friendly to him and his Church.

MAYOR HEWITT's complaint-book has proved an endless source of annoyance to the New York police, and fun to the public. On one occasion the police were sent to "pull" an alleged disorderly place, which turned out to be the Fulton Street prayer-meeting; and at another time, after raiding a church, they assembled in force to close an unlicensed drinking-saloon said to have been the resort of gamblers, and discovered the number to be a piece of property owned by the Mayor and used for business purposes. Still, Mayor Hewitt says that the people shall be heard, and insists on investigation in all cases.

THE United Presbyterians are divided and unhappy over the decision made by the General Assembly, which permits organs ("ecclesiastical hurdy-gurdies" the elect call them) to be used in their churches. At a session of the New York Presbytery, held in Jersey City the other day, a motion was made that the Presbytery be divided, because of the conviction that the members could not dwell together in harmony. The motion was defeated, after debate, but the trouble remains. Some of the churches have already introduced organs; others declare that they will exclude the obnoxious instruments to the last.

SOME 600 or 700 fishermen of Newfoundland have decided to emigrate, owing to the distress caused by the failure of Labrador and Newfoundland fisheries and the ill feeling engendered by international complications, and will probably locate fisheries on the Choumagn and Aleutian Islands of Alaska. These islands are in the immediate vicinity of the codfish-banks of Alaska, and there is no reason why Newfoundland men cannot make their new homes upon them. The climate is no worse than that of their present homes, while the supply of fish is reported to be immense. On Queen Charlotte and other islands in British Columbia waters there will be room for many families. The waters of the Sound and in the vicinity of the United States boundary line teem with black cod and halibut.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL BOULANGER's latest honor is to have a soap named after him.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY denies that he is a member of the new American party.

WINKELMAYER, the young giant, who was said to be the tallest man in the world, has died in Austria.

MR. KAUFMANN, of New York, achieved brilliant successes in the bicycle tournament at Frankfurt, Germany.

SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, is said to be in a fair way to retrieve his fortune through his mining operations in Alaska.

AS IF to add insult to injury, Mrs. James Brown Potter is to be given a benefit at the Gaiety Theatre before coming home.

SENATOR HAWLEY gives it as his opinion that Mr. Blaine is still undecided as to whether he ought to accept a renomination for President.

MISS LINA HARRISON, daughter of ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, was married last Friday to Mr. Heaton Onslow, in Trinity Church, New York.

JOHN RUSKIN, according to recent advices, has relapsed into a condition of pronounced insanity, and is physically prostrated almost beyond hope of recovery.

THE Thakore Sahib of Limbdi, who will make a short tour in this country, on his way home via Japan and China, will be the first Indian prince to make the round of the world.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is booming Robert T. Lincoln, the son of his great father, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. But Mr. Lincoln is understood to be strongly averse to any use of his name in that connection.

REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, has selected his own tombstone. It is a big boulder of red-streaked quartz, weighing five or six tons. It will bear the simple inscription, "Horatio Stebbins"—and that is all.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN is said to be rapidly recovering from the effect of the injuries which she sustained some time since. Her health in other respects is better than at any time since the death of her husband, and there is a notable improvement in her spirits.

REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE, son of "the grand old man," has for eighteen years presided over the parish in which Hawarden Castle is situated. He was appointed by his father to the living—about the richest private living in England, yielding \$16,000 a year.

AYOUB KHAN, who has escaped from Persia and is said to be on his way to Herat, presumably to take advantage of the illness of the Ameer, is the younger son of the late Shero Ali and one of the grandsons of Dost Mohammed, the ablest of all the rulers of Afghanistan.

THE body of the late John Taylor, the Mormon President, has been placed in a vault built of granite blocks one foot thick, firmly bound together by heavy steel rods. The tomb is seven feet long, four feet wide, and five feet high. On the top is a granite slab weighing about four tons.

ADOLPH SUTRO, of tunnel fame, is to present a colossal statue of Liberty to the City of San Francisco. The figure will be of stone, and, including the pedestal, will be forty feet high. The site for the statue is 900 feet high, so that the electric-light torch, which will be held aloft in its right hand, will be 1,000 feet above sea-level. The estimated cost is over \$10,000.

THE young Duke of Albany, an intelligent little boy of three years, has already entered upon the duties which British Royalty is heir to. His miniature Royal Highness recently laid the foundation-stone of a new house which is being erected at Claremont Park. Assisted by his mother, he performed the ceremony with dignity and *savoir faire*, and declared the stone well and truly laid.

SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR, the Spanish "Cicero," scholar and statesman, spends his Summer holiday in the Basque Provinces. In the early morning, when most people are yet in deep slumber, Castelar rises, dons a *négligé* suit and covers many sheets of paper with that straggling writing that is the despair of his secretaries and correspondents. Long before his chocolate is brought in he has dispatched much literary work.

"BISMARCK THE YOUNGER," the Chancellor's oldest son, otherwise Count Herbert Bismarck, is a man of thirty-eight and heir to his father's princely title. He has been elevated to a conspicuous position in the Government by rapid promotions, which are exceedingly rare in the German public service; and as his private character is far from being above reproach, ambitious younger officials, even the most loyal, begin to murmur and talk of favoritism.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD writes to the *Tribune* that he has recently spent two days in close examination of the battlefields west of Metz which he and Mr. Monereu D. Conway are supposed to have superintended in aid of Von Moltke and Emperor William seventeen years ago. In Mr. Conway's absence Mr. Halstead professes himself unable to make out the positions they and Von Moltke occupied on the field. "In fact," he adds, "the lines of battle are not what I had supposed them to be when a spectator, so that contemporary history may have to be rewritten."

AMONG recent deaths by drowning, that of Dr. N. A. Randolph, Professor of Physiology at the University of Pennsylvania, while bathing at Atlantic City, is peculiarly distressing. He was carried by the undertow into deep water, and although a powerful man and a good swimmer, he was unable to get back. Dr. Randolph was prominent in his profession in Philadelphia, was one of the editors of the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* and a frequent contributor to other medical journals, and although only twenty-nine years of age, was an authority all over the country on diets.

AT Washington, Ga., the other day, the entire population, black and white, attended the funeral of "Uncle Billy" Toombs, a colored man, eighty-seven years of age, who was from boyhood the body-servant of Robert Toombs. He refused to accept his freedom at the close of the Civil War, persisting in remaining with his old master. When General Toombs died, two years ago, he left full provision for Uncle Billy's maintenance; and no mourner at the general's grave shed warmer tears than did the faithful old African, who lingered there long after the crowds had melted away.



## SOME PICTURESQUE JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

IN Yokohama and Yeddo, two civilizations—two highly developed systems of life and customs, totally unlike each other—dwell together, harmonious yet distinct. European architecture, shipping, railroads, dress and amusements, strike with surprise and disappointment the newly arrived Occidental, who naturally expects to find in Japan, if anywhere, a country rich and strange. But he very soon discovers that this Europeanism is a kind of specialty, confined mostly to the capital, Yeddo, and Yokohama, the commercial port; and that even here it is largely a thing apart, having in no appreciable degree modified life in the native quarters or detracted from their quaintness and color. In respect to manners, customs, dress, etc., Yokohama is in this sense as characteristically Japanese as it was when the port was first opened to foreign trade in 1859.

Our illustrations, which are recent and from life, are devoted to a number of traditional and cherished institutions of the Flowery Kingdom. Here are the wrestlers, whose peculiarities and sometimes phenomenal strength have had a fair representative in the United States in the person of the well-known "Jap," Matsada. The picture of the fencers reminds us that the sword is held in special veneration by the Japanese of all classes. It symbolizes the divine authority of the Mikado, the loyalty and martial pride of the warrior; and Japanese writers speak of it in glowing terms as "the precious possession of lord and vassal from times older than the divine period," or as "the living soul of the samurai." Many treatises have been written upon this theme, the art of determining the maker and date of a sword-blade being one of great research and labor. Those made before 1603, A.D., are called old swords; those made since, new swords; and the former was a long, straight, double-edged weapon called the ken, the latter a katana, single-edged and slightly curved towards the point. A short sword or dirk, called the wakizashi, was worn with the katana as a sign of gentle birth or military inheritance. Members of the fourth and fifth rank in the empire wore a short dirk without a guard, which doctors and artists were also required to carry, and stiletos a foot long were a part of an officer's and nobleman's dress. Others could be mentioned, but these will suffice to show their important character among a people who inscribe such sentiments as the following upon their blades: "In one's last days, one's sword becomes the wealth of one's posterity"; and, "One's



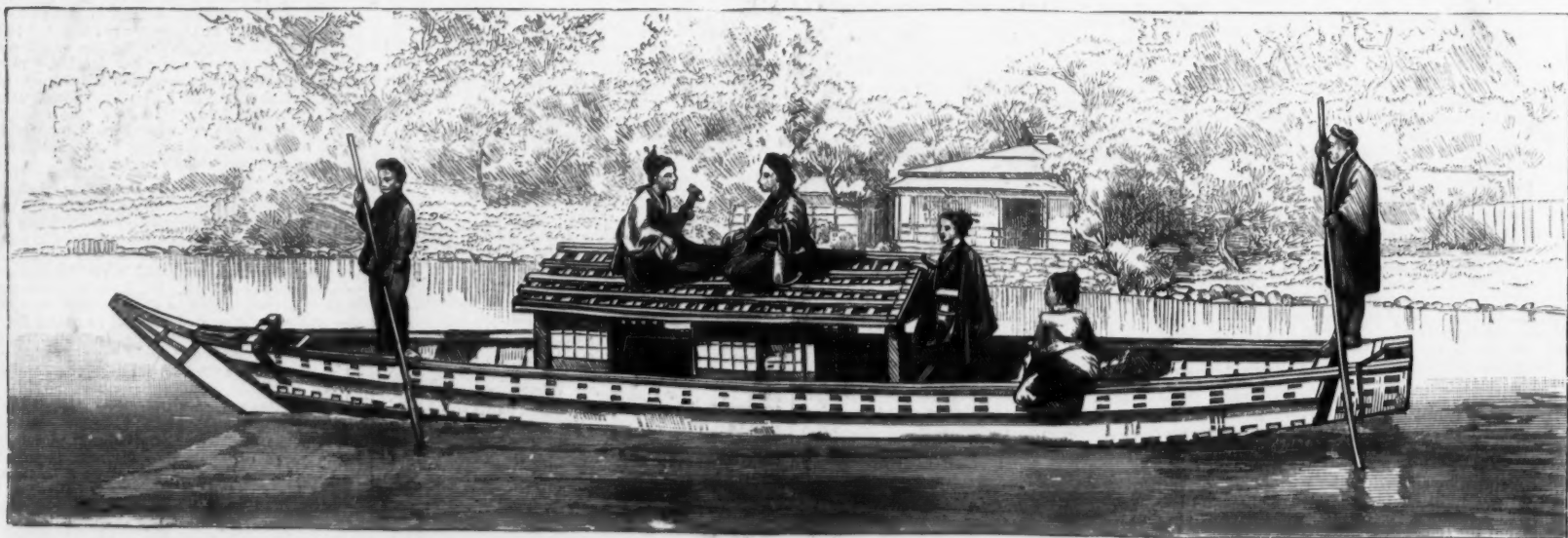
JAPANESE COURT WRESTLERS.



FENCERS.



FAN-DANCERS.



BOAT AND TEA-HOUSE.

LIFE IN JAPAN.—A PECULIAR PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS.  
FROM PHOTOS.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE AARON J. VANDERPOEL.  
PHOTO. BY ANDERSON.

THE LATE AARON J. VANDERPOEL.

IN the death of Mr. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, the head of the well-known law firm of Vanderpoel, Green & Cuming, which occurred in Paris, on the 22d of August, from apoplexy, the Bar of New York loses one of its ablest and most distinguished associates. Mr. Vanderpoel was born at Kinderhook, N. Y., in October, 1825. His ancestors came from Holland, and were among the earliest settlers in the State. His father was Dr. John Vanderpoel, a personal and political friend, and the family physician, of President Van Buren. After a preparatory course at the Kinderhook Academy, Aaron J. Vanderpoel entered the University of the City of New York, from which he was graduated at the age of seventeen. He studied law with his uncle, who was a Judge of the Superior Court, and, after a few years of practice in partnership with J. Bryce Smith, he entered the famous law firm of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel, which continued in business for twenty years. At the end of that time Brown and Hall retired, and the firm became known as Vanderpoel, Green & Cuming. During his long career Mr. Vanderpoel was engaged as leading counsel in many of the most important cases which have been before the local courts. He had long been regarded as the leading lawyer of the city in municipal law, and his general practice was very large, equaled by few lawyers in this country. Although a life-long Democrat, and always taking a great interest in politics, Mr. Vanderpoel would never accept a candidacy for public office. His disposition was genial, and he was a welcome member of the various clubs to which he belonged. He was, moreover, a close student, his fine library being especially rich in historical works. He once defined his own character as a lawyer by saying that he owed his success chiefly to his habit of getting to the bottom facts. It is not surprising that the news of his death caused widespread regret in legal and political as well as social circles.

HOP-PICKING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

ABOUT eighty miles east of Tacoma, W. T., and just beyond the Puyallup Indian Reservation, begins one of the most remarkable agricultural valleys in the world. Its peculiarities of soil and climate make it the most productive hop region to be found anywhere in this country or in Europe, and the owners of hop-fields in the valley realize



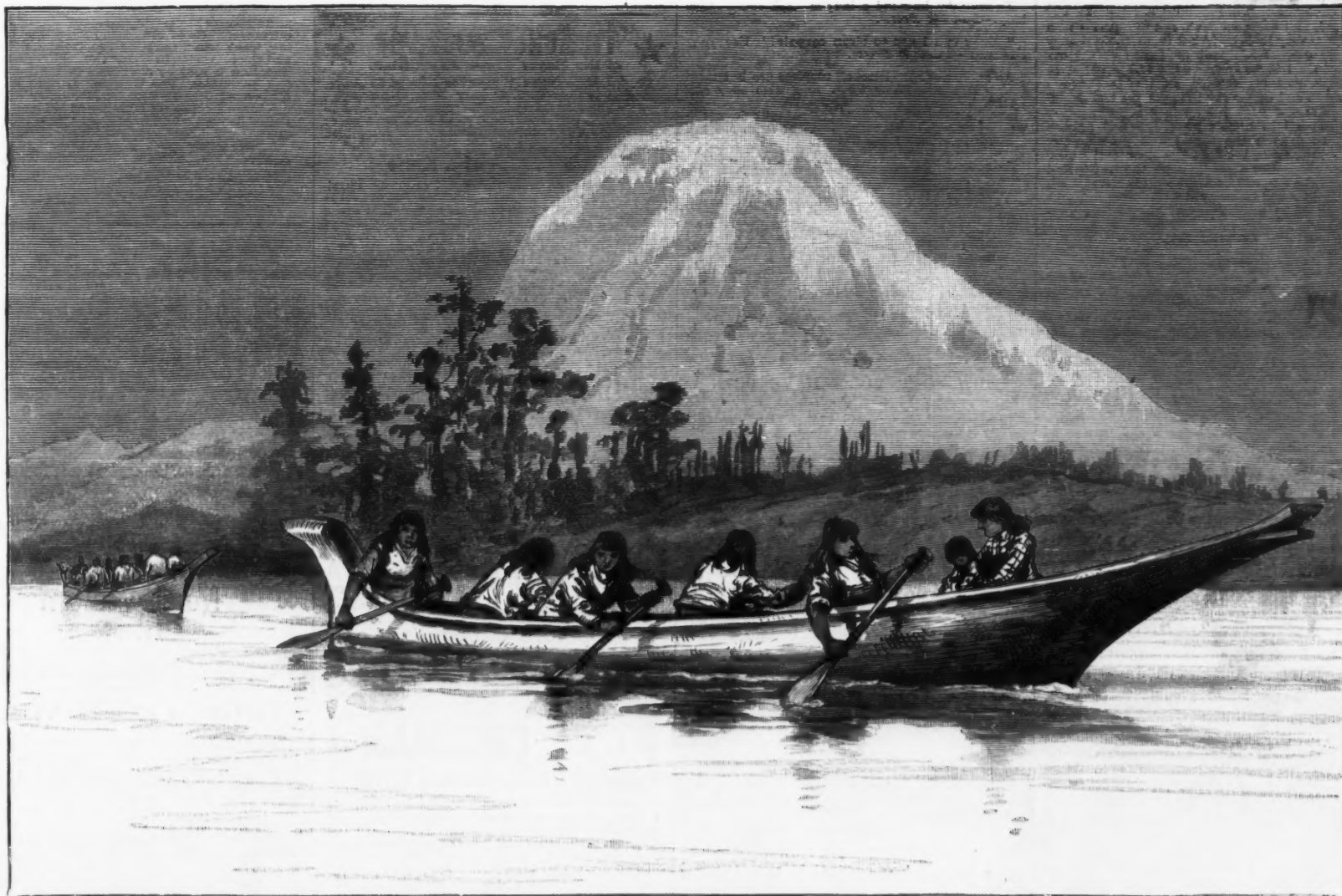
SANDWICH ISLANDS.—STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA I., AT HONOLULU.  
SEE PAGE 43.

handsome profits from their crops. A large hop-field in the full maturity of the vines is a beautiful sight, and one not unfamiliar to travelers through Central New York. The supporting poles, about fifteen feet high, are completely hidden by the festoons of the vine, and the long tendrils reach across from row to row, so that one can walk over the fields in long, narrow colonnades of leaves and flowers that breathe drowsy, aromatic odors. Nearly all the work of the hop harvest is done by Indian men and women from the neighboring reservations. Peaceable people are these swarthy, long-haired aborigines, and glad of the chance to

earn a little money. The hop-growers would not know how to make shift for labor in the picking season without them.

THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN VISIT.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes: "The St. Louis people are counting upon 500,000 visitors during President Cleveland's visit in October. Commissioner Colman, of the Department of Agriculture, who was one of the founders of the enterprise in 1856, says: 'It is the biggest fair in the world. I have seen



WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—INDIAN HOP-PICKERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PUYALLUP VALLEY, NEAR TACOMA.



from 100,000 to 150,000 people on the grounds at one time. Splendid grounds they are, too—we have spent \$300,000 on them. The policy of the management has always been liberal, and its success has been proportionately great. This year, of course, we shall have the largest crowd we have ever had. The lowest estimate has put the number of strangers we shall have in town during fair week at 250,000. My own idea is that it will amount to 500,000. The desire to see the President felt all through that country cannot be appreciated here. And it has been whetted to keenness by the events of the Summer. The only way, of course, that the great majority of them can get a sight of the President is to have him drive through the crowd. There will be a public reception, of course, but not one in a hundred will get within the door of the building where it will be held. How will we take care of the many visitors? Why, the town will be turned into one big hotel. Cots will be put up in every vacant house, shop and store. St. Louis has 500,000 inhabitants, you must remember. They'll just double up. No city in the country is better able to take care of a crowd than St. Louis, because no city has had so much consecutive experience."

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

DISPATCHES on Saturday reported a fight between Sheriff Kendall's men and Colorow's band of Ute Indians, in which Deputy Sheriff Jack Ward was killed and several white men were wounded.

THE missing life-boat of the burned steamer *City of Montreal* was picked up on August 15th by a German vessel, the *Mathilde*. The seven passengers and six sailors in the boat were safe and well. They had drifted about for five days, experiencing some rough weather and suffering greatly at times from heat and lack of water.

THE Prohibitionists of New York, in convention at Syracuse, nominated the following State ticket last Friday: For *Secretary of State*, the Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, of Allegany; *Attorney-general*, S. W. Mason, of Chautauque; *Comptroller*, Caleb B. Hitchcock, of Cortland; *Treasurer*, William W. Smith, of Dutchess; *State Engineer*, John G. Grey, of Ulster.

## FOREIGN.

THE Czar of Russia, with the Czarina and family, arrived at Copenhagen in the imperial yacht last Friday, and were received by Queen Louise of Denmark. It is reported in Berlin that a fresh attempt to kill the Czar was made at St. Petersburg, August 20th.

THE British House of Commons, last Friday night, supported the Government by a majority of seventy-eight votes in proclaiming the Irish National League. Lord Hartington, leader of the Unionists, supported the Government with his vote, but made a speech flatly informing the House and country that he and his followers were not responsible for and had no connection with the action of the Government.

## A NEW STEEL CAR.

MESSRS. W. W. GREEN and JAMES MURISON, of Chicago, have patented a steel fire-proof and accident proof railway passenger car. It is claimed that this car will weigh one-third less and cost much less to build than the ordinary wooden car, and that any kind of railway car can be built at the same proportionate weight and cost. The car will be completely fire-proof, having not a particle of wood or any combustible substance in it. The inside will be finished with galvanized iron or asbestos pulp, the outside with corrugated steel, the whole painted, finished and decorated as finely as any car, and when on the track will present an appearance very little different from the ordinary passenger car. The spiral or frame of the car will be of steel three inches wide and one-fourth inch thick, and the tension steel rods running from end to end of the car through the frame will be one and one-fourth inches in diameter, which will be incased in hollow pipes fastened to each spiral. To deaden the sound and prevent any vibration, the space between the floor and under part, and the entire space between the inside and outside of the car, will be filled with mineral wool. The steel floor will be covered with heavy asbestos cloth, over which can be placed linoleum or anything desired.

## ELECTRICITY FROM FUEL.

MR. EDISON's paper, read last week before the Association for the Advancement of Science in New York, was to the effect that the inventor had consummated his endeavor to find a way by which the energy latent in coal could be made to appear as electric energy directly by means of a simple transforming apparatus, and had made such an appliance of the principle that the magnetism of magnetic metals, and especially of iron, cobalt and nickel, is differently affected by heat, as to accomplish the result he desired. Whenever a magnetic fluid varies in strength in the vicinity of a conductor, Mr. Edison explains, a current is generated in that conductor. By placing an iron core in a magnetic circuit, and by varying the magnetizability of the core by varying its temperature, a current is generated in a coil of wire surrounding this core. Upon this principle Mr. Edison has constructed a generator of electricity, which he calls the pyromagnetic generator—that is to say, a generator of electric power by heat and magnetism.

## POVERTY ABROAD.

SENATOR FRYE, of Maine, who has just returned from Europe, gives, in an interview, his impressions of the condition of the masses of the people abroad: "The people in Europe live on the poorest food, and mighty little of it. I found that laborers in Glasgow work for 2s. 6d. a day—62 cents. I was charmed with Edinburgh, but when I saw women drunk, fighting in her beautiful streets, the modern Athens lost her charms. I cannot convey to you the picture of the degradation and want throughout Great Britain caused by drink.

"Speaking of wages, I found girls in factories in Venice working with great skill for from 5 to 12 cents a day, the most experienced getting 12 cents a day, out of which they have to live. But how they live is a wonder. Their chief diet is macaroni. Farm-hands all over Europe, women, earn 20 cents a day. Women do most of the field work. I saw no improved machinery on the farms of the

Continent. I have seen twenty women in one field at work, not a single man in sight. The plain people have meat to eat but once a week on the Continent. The condition of American wage-earners is incomparably better than that of the working people in Europe. It is the difference between comfort and competence and discomfort and insufficient food and clothing."

## INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IN GERMANY.

AN interesting letter giving an account of the industrial training system in the schools of Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, was recently published in *Science*. It seems that in the girls' schools some kind of needlework has always been taught. "From the very earliest times of school history girls have been known to take their knitting and sewing to school, and in the early part of this century, not only the girls, but the boys also, used to knit their own stockings at school." This work, however, was performed simply for the sake of the stockings which it produced. At the present time the practical end has not been lost sight of, but the educational end has become the more important. The parent furnishes the child with the needed material, which, of course, its work may render worthless; yet, for all this, no one complains that the training does not pay. The first lessons in sewing are the use of the thimble and scissors, threading the needle, and the ways of holding the cloth while sewing and cutting. "The stitch lesson is first performed on paper; after a while a cheap kind of muslin is substituted." Patching and mending are thoroughly taught. In the high schools the garments made by the girls often evince a great deal of taste and a good knowledge of dressmaking. In the boys' schools of Germany industrial training is not usually a required branch. At Darmstadt it was begun a few years ago by private citizens, who gave such instruction outside of school-hours. The results of the experiment were so satisfactory that the institution established was made a part of the public-school system. The other schools close the daily session about half-past two. The manual training is therefore given during the latter part of the afternoon. In the Summer-time the boys are put to work in the different gardens belonging to the institution. At other seasons of the year they are engaged in light and plain carpentry and in the making of such articles as baskets, brushes, brooms, etc. Typesetting and bookbinding are taught to the advanced classes. Each boy receives a small remuneration for his work when it is well done. The money is not paid directly to him, but is put into a savings bank, and from time to time he receives his certificates of deposit, which he carries home to his parents for safe-keeping.

## A RESTFUL HAVEN.

THE season at the Fort Griswold House, New London, Conn., has proved an exceptional and deserved success. The merits of this resort are, however, so obvious and diversified, that any other result would be remarkable. In convenience and beauty of location, in sanitary advantages and in excellence of administration, the Fort Griswold may safely challenge comparison with any other hotel; and as the public learns these facts, its approval takes practical form. The outdoor attractions are all that could be desired, and one would go far to find better sailing, fishing, bathing, boating, than the lovely New London harbor affords, while all the surrounding country to the north and east is full of walks and drives of romantic charm and historic interest. The Fort Griswold is worthy its "environments," and that is saying a great deal. The season will continue for the greater part of this month.

## FUN.

TO FIND out how old a lady is—Ask some other lady.—*Danville Breeze*.

"WHAT can I use to clean carpets?" Use your husband.—*Danville Breeze*.

AN exchange says baseball umpires are but mortal. There are times when they wish they had wings.

SOME of the milkmen hang pails of milk down the well to keep the milk cool. Some of them use too much rope.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once; but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

A LADY had in her employ an excellent girl, who had one fault—her face was always grimy. Mrs. X wishing to tell her to wash her face without offending her, at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked, in a confidential manner, "that if you wash your face every day in hot soap-and-water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it, now?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure, it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am."

## HOW SOME LIVES HAVE BEEN EXTENDED.

IN a physician's office in Philadelphia are filed numerous letters with expressions like these: "My mother and self have been greatly benefited by the use of your Compound Oxygen. It has undoubtedly preserved and prolonged her life these two years past." "I have improved in health using your Compound Oxygen. I can ride without much fatigue. As I am in my eightieth year, I suppose I cannot expect to be entirely relieved." "It has almost made a new man of me at nearly three-score and ten." "I will be eighty-two years old the fifth day of next November. The dropsy has left me, and my legs are all right. Every one that sees me says, 'How well you look!' I tell them Compound Oxygen saved my life and cured me." For a full explanation of how such marvels are possible, write for brochure, which they send free, to Drs. STARKEY & PALER, 1539 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

At a medical student's examination he was asked: "Do wounds often heal by the first intention?" "Not when the patient is rich and the doctor poor." "When does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered No."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are indorsed by the highest medical authorities, here and in Europe, as a preventive and cure of Malaria and all Summer diseases. Keep it in your house to flavor your drinking water and all other beverages.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE TORTILITA MINES.  
THE HARTFORD "POST" ON THEIR GREATNESS.  
ONE OF THE RICHEST MINING PROPERTIES  
IN THE WORLD.

## SPECIAL DESPATCH.

HARTFORD, CT., Aug. 17th, 1887.

The *Post* of this city prints in to-day's issue a full-page article on the Tortilita Gold and Silver Mines, of which Mr. Joseph H. Reall (who is being urged for Vice-president on the ticket with Cleveland as the representative of the Agricultural and Laboring interests) is president. The *Post* shows that the Tortilita Company have one of the greatest mining properties in America, and it estimates that with the forty-stamp mill that is now being arranged for, which will crush 160 tons of ore per day, that the company can earn over one hundred thousand dollars per month net, or over one hundred per cent. per year on its capital stock, which would make the shares that are now selling to subscribers for \$2 each, the par value, at the company's office, 57 Broadway, New York, worth over twenty dollars each, while this result can be again doubled by additional stamps, as the company have an inexhaustible supply of rich ore. A second Virginia City is predicted in connection with the Tortilitas, as the company have twelve developed and proven mines out of which over \$150,000 in bullion was taken while the exploring and developing work was going on, which, together with the prices now being realized for the shares so soon after they were put upon the market, are unexampled facts in the history of mining. The *Post* pronounces the Tortilitas one of the best and cleanest-cut enterprises that the public ever was invited to invest in. The stock is attracting much attention throughout New England and is being largely taken for investment by bankers, merchants, farmers, and by working men and women. It is announced that the subscription-books will close in a few days, preparatory to the stock being called on the Consolidated Stock Exchange. The offices of the company are at 57 Broadway, New York, and the mines are in the richest mineral district of Arizona.—*Springfield Union*.

Gus (who has invited his friend Jack to a Third Avenue table d'hôte dinner)—"Have you finished your coffee, Jack?" Jack—"Ye'es." Gus—"Well, what had we better do now?" Jack—"Let's have another dinner on me."

## A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

## FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A FAMOUS physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flimsy manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

★ THE ONLY SURVIVOR ★  
of the Hayes Arctic Expedition.

MR. S. J. McCORMICK, the person alluded to above, and who is now U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, says: "For years I suffered from severe pains in the hipjoint and backbone, so as to deprive me of all power. The pain was terrible, and resembled more than anything else

## The Thrust of a Knife

in the parts, and then turning it around. Physicians said I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys, but could give me no relief. I saw a paragraph in the *N. Y. Sun* regarding the value of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in this class of complaints, and I tried it. After using it for a short time I am glad to say I am completely cured, and feel better than I have for years. Words fail to express what I suffered, but with Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at hand I have

## No Fear of Kidney Disorders.

If parties afflicted as I have been will only try this medicine, they will then appreciate it as I do, and thank him for the great boon he has given to mankind. With great pleasure I give Dr. Kennedy permission to refer to my case, and shall do all in my power to recommend his medicine."—S. J. McCORMICK, Bliss Station, Idaho.

## Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

◆ Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5. ◆

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED  
**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
THEN WHY NOT TRY  
WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,  
CARACAS CHOCOLATE,  
BREAKFAST COCOA,  
and other preparations.  
B. O. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.

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NAT'L BUSINESS COLLEGE.

A LIVE, PRACTICAL SCHOOL.—CHEAPEST AND BEST. Endorsed by THOUSANDS of graduates and the most PROMINENT BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL MEN of the State and Nation.  
H. COLEMAN, Pres. NEWARK, N. J.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. I sample free. Address JAY BRUNSON, Detroit, Mich.

BEAUTY  
of  
Skin & Scalp  
RESTORED  
by the  
CUTICURA  
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA Remedies in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ONLY FOR  
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

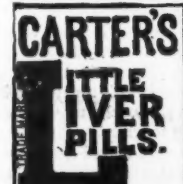
Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

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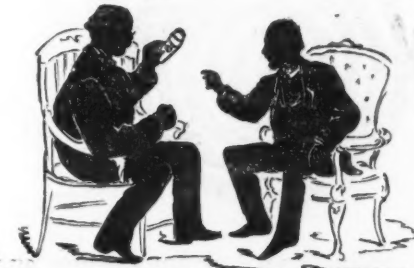
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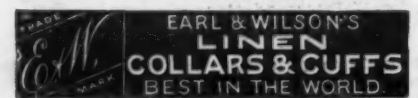


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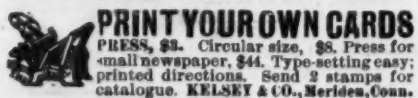
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